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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

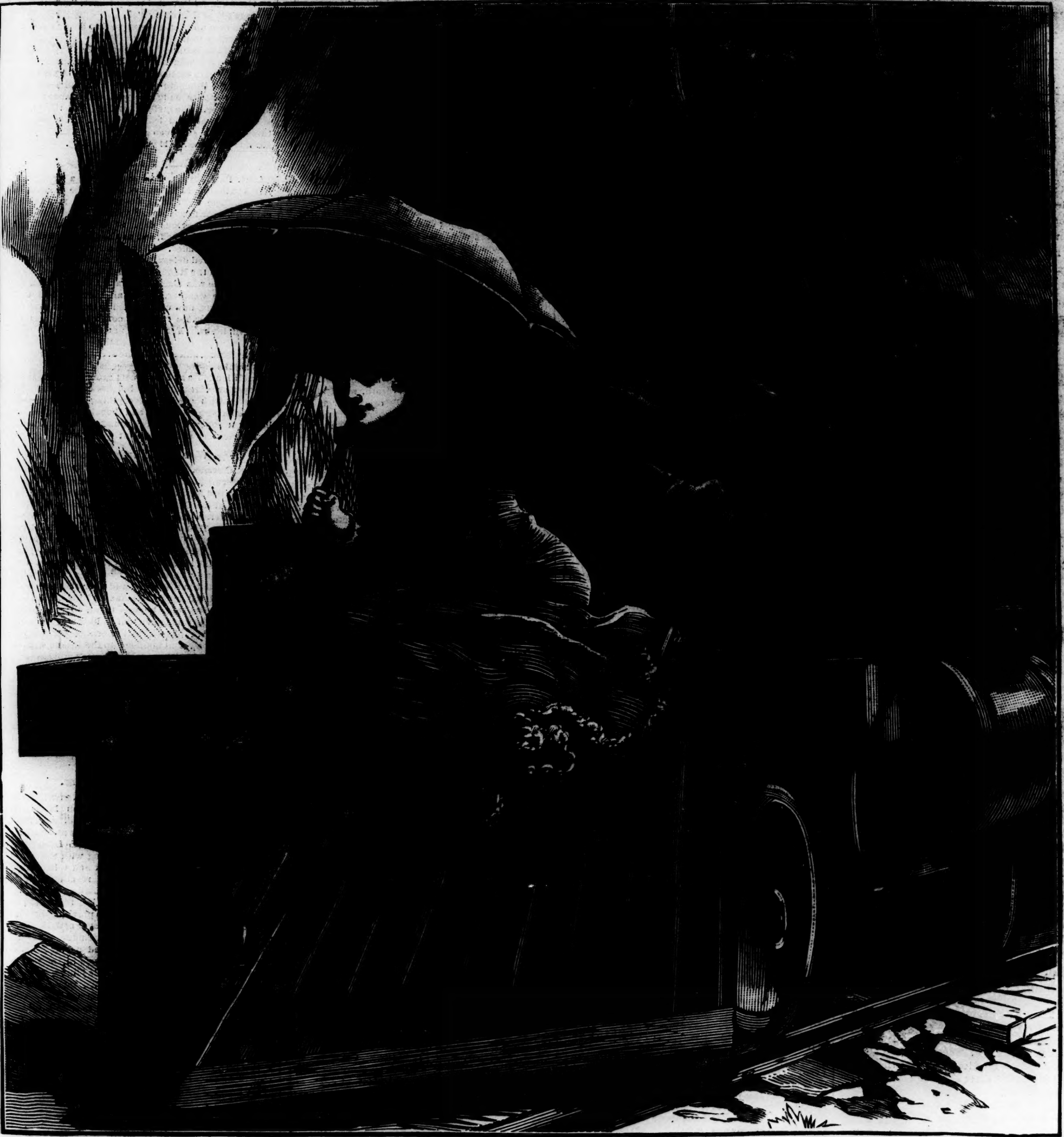
THE LEADING  
ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE MADE THE TRIP ON A COW-CATCHER.

LADY MACDONALD, AN ENGLISH NOBLEWOMAN, RIDES UP THE GOLD RANGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, IN FRONT OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

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#### FEMALE POLICEMEN.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker has started a movement in New York to secure the appointment of women to the police force. In this chivalrous age it is contended that not only should there be female doctors and teachers and station mistresses and prison matrons, &c., to look exclusively after the fair sex and thus keep from them the polluting touch of the monster man, but there should be female policemen to arrest offenders of that sex, and do it in a proper and decorous manner. So Mrs. Hooker and a lot of other female cranks insist on the appointment of an equal number of policemen from each sex, with a woman in command; that they "shall be gentlemen and ladies in the strictest sense of the term;" that they shall be clean and pure "within and without, mentally, morally and physically;" that they shall be "empowered to call out the fire department in cases of riot" and disperse the rabble with water; that they shall be trained to shoot, but not to kill, care to be taken by these gentlemen and ladies, when resisted, to shoot the offender in the leg only.

Of the ability of women to do all this the speakers were thoroughly confident, and referred to Zenobia, of Palmyra; Catharine, of Russia, and Maria Teresa, of Austria, as instances of women fitted to command. And, moreover, they illustrated their own military superiority by ridiculing the police force of the metropolis. Of course those who are competent to ridicule are always qualified to command.

We wish them every success. Think of the millennium that must come with female policemen. There would be too much fun around for anybody to work. To see the fair blue-coat go for a drunken woman would be entertainment enough for a large crowd. Not that the lady instrument of the law would be seized upon by her frenzied sister and the street gutters be filled with feet and clothes and shrieks; not that the law-breaker would lock arms with the policeman's back and walk off with the guardian of the peace. Oh, no. But to see the latter walk up to her fallen sister, exchange cards with her; invite her to ride in the station wagon, and in a few hours convert the prisoner to an angel who has to hold on to the prison bars to keep herself from going up with songs of Zion on her lips, would make the very angels smile. And to see one handling the pipes of the fire department when she wants to disperse the waiting mob. Did you ever see a woman with a street hose? If so you have been dispersed. Or to see her fluttering gracefully about trying to get a shot at a recalcitrant prisoner's leg while the frightened town scampers wildly out into the country to escape that uncertain bullet.

Oh yes, let us have female policemen by all means. They will exercise a good moral influence over the young men if they are pretty, even if they do not accomplish much of the rough and tumble work. They would be obeyed by the young men implicitly even if they wore corsage bouquets in their belts and bows of ribbon on their clubs.

THERE is not, in this section of the country, the least objection that Barnum should make out of the Grand Trunk Railroad the \$100,000 which he desires for the killing of Jumbo. At the same time, it must be confessed that Jumbo was a trifle indiscreet in the premises. He undertook to knock out a freight train, and he did it. But, unfortunately, he was himself knocked out. The honors seem to have been quite easy.

#### STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Patti never lets water touch her face. The only liquid with which it ever comes in contact is cold cream. Patti is great and is therefore the "great unwashed." Patti is no Republican.

W. S. Gilbert, of comic opera fame, has written a poem advertising a soap company which is said to have more fun in it than anything in his latest opera. Pity he didn't have that set to music instead of "Rud-dy-gore."

Bob Fraser, the well-known clown, author and children's entertainer, who is nowadays managing the theatre at Long Branch, lost a \$100 bill out of his pocket one day last week in New York. He had been paid the money in ratification of a contract, and traveled on an elevated train at Park Place to Thirty-third street before he discovered his loss. Mr. Fraser is a man of singularly even temper, but the incident annoyed him, and he admits having uttered at least one cuss word. Then he started back on a forlorn hope to Park Place, and there, *mirabile dictu!* on the steps of the elevated railroad lay his lost treasure. A good many hundred people had, of course, passed up and down the stairs in the meantime—it was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon—which goes to show that the general public must be either very honest or very shortsighted, and also that Bob Fraser is forever prevented from complaining of ill-luck.

A witty French actress gives the following definition of a hansom cab: "A vehicle in which the superior, who is in the interior, can only see the anterior part of the posterior of his inferior, who is for the time being his superior."

The New York Sun printed a rather unkind paragraph about Manager J. J. Jessel and his star-bridge, Agnes Herndon. The fact of the matter is that, so runs report, Mr. Jessel became Miss Herndon's husband in a very romantic way. He was one of the salesmen of a Hebrew cloak-making concern on White street. Miss Herndon applied for a situation as model or figure for trying on cloaks. Mr. Jessel and she immediately fell in love and were married. Their union was kept secret on economical grounds until Mrs. Jessel had gone on the stage, the savings of the worthy pair enabling her to do so with moderate success at first. Jessel was always a good advertiser as well as a thrifty one—to which fact must be ascribed the envious way in which his detractors speak of him.

The last thing that Charley Mendum, the theatrical agent who was formerly Mr. Langtry's confidential business manager, said was that the Lily has saved between \$300,000 and \$400,000, most of which is invested in American securities. When she gets half a million, Mendum says, she will leave the stage. That settles it. What Mendum doesn't know isn't worth knowing.

Tom and Jerry were discussing the thrilling Agnes Herndon and Borgia incident in a gorgeous drinkery last Monday evening. Said Tom: "I believe it was an 'ad' or an attempt at one, and darned cheap at that. The woman had simply over-eaten herself at dinner and had an attack of indigestion. That is all there is to it."

"Well," replied Jerry, "for my part I believe the story implicitly, and I'll tell you why. Because I've often been seized with a desire to kill her myself. What will you take?"

The musicians from the orchestra of the Chicago Opera House who assisted professionally at the banquet tendered by the citizens of Chicago to Mr. Henry E. Dixey, at the Hotel Richelieu, are in ecstasies of delight at the princely hospitality which was displayed towards them on that occasion. The banquet hall in the Richelieu is at the top of the house, and the musicians were conducted up a ladder to a cockpit overlooking the scene of the festivities and commanding also an uninterrupted view of Lake Michigan. Here they remained from midnight until 4:30 A. M., discoursing soft and entrancing strains for the benefit of the convales. At 3 A. M. a plate of dry sandwiches and a short dozen of beer was thoughtfully served for their refreshment, but apart from this their solitude was not intruded upon, and they were permitted to behold without hindrance the multitude of delicacies beneath which the festal table groaned, and to inhale the odor of the viands. "Ach! Got in Himmel!" said the corpulent contra-basso, "das was vot you call dot Barmecide feast so far as we are concerned, don't it?" The musicians are arranging to present Messrs. Rice and Dixey with a testimonial of their regard next time "Adonis" visits Chicago.

"Billy" Perzel evidently doesn't intend to be disposed of by his *devant* wife as calmly and effectively as were some of his predecessors in her affections. William, who is a big-hearted, generous, boyish sort of chap, and whose worst fault is a slight tendency to "blow," shows both wisdom and pluck in dealing with his fickle consort. Meantime the lady preserves a silence which will probably bear fruit in one more "vindication" of her character and chastity. Such things are possible only in the "profession."

John Stetson has a very handsome new curtain in the Fifth Avenue theatre. It is a representation of the muleteers of Grenada who are conducting their gaily-caparisoned mules through a Spanish mountain pass. John McCaull noticed it recently for the first time, remarked to Stetson: "An, John, you have a handsome Castilian there." Stetson laughed uproariously and then shouted in his stentorian voice: "By heavens, I've caught you at last. You are all the time making fun of my mistakes and now I've caught you with a wrong word. Castilian! Why that's not a Castilian scene; it's a postillion scene, you gilly."

Mr. James Brown Potter is the person who is now receiving the attentions of the press. Having returned from London without waiting to see his wife's debut as a professional actress, a reporter promptly called upon him for an explanation of his conduct and also to inquire if it were true that Mrs. Potter had been offered \$100,000 by the family if she would give up her intention of going on the stage. With a singular disregard for the feelings of the reporter, who naturally desired to have the facts in the case for his paper exact and at first hand, Mr. Potter declined to talk. Further than to say that most of the stories about himself and wife were nonsense. This was superfluous

information, since weary months that Potter ought to have sense into the affair, a burning curiosity of the opportunity.

R. Fulton Russell, a member of the Doud Byron's company, went to bed at the Barwell House, Chicago, the other night and before doing so blew out the gas. The gentle fakir really ought to be taught to read. There is always a notice posted up underneath the fixture in these sort of hash factories to warn people against blowing out the gas. Mr. Russell escaped with his life although he had been breathing the gas for ten hours. This proves that a man who can drink Chicago whiskey is proof against asphyxiation.

It will give everyone sincere pleasure to learn that Manager John W. Norton, of St. Louis, is a trifle improved in health. At any rate he was strong enough last Wednesday to go and witness a matinee performance of "Adonis" in that city, and was apparently none the worse for the ordeal. In fact, if Mr. Dixey may be relied upon, the representation had a decidedly good effect. The comedian telegraphs: "Norton is feeling quite strong and vigorous and he enjoyed the play hugely."

Alexander Dumas and Victorien Sardou are neighbors at Marly. "We are excellent friends," says Dumas, "but we see each other as little as possible. It would be disagreeable to him to have people in his presence treat me as the greatest living dramatist."

Mme. Nilsson's third marriage to her second husband was delayed by the necessity of sending from the church to the hotel for the certificate of the former ceremony, which the husband-groom had forgotten.

Society is making Mr. and Mrs. Louis James very tired. The Chicago News says: "Mr. Louis James is in the midst of a very successful season at the Denver Grand Opera House, and the papers of that city are enthusiastic over the performances of the young actor and his wife. We are told that on the first night when the audience called Mr. James before the curtain, the actor was led out by ex-Senator Tabor." Introduced him (as if he had not been introduced before), and made a rambling speech of five minutes, tiring every one beyond all patience, and very embarrassing for Mr. James. In it he alluded to Mr. James as the intimate comedian of the Chicago Daily's company. After which he lumbered out and fell in a china shop. Mr. James was once in the same company, but Tabor didn't know it. The mistake was made in confusing him with James Leavelle, Daily's comedian, but nothing more could be expected of the ex-Senator with the \$250 night shirt.

Thomas Boylan, of Guy's Hotel, Baltimore, is an intimate friend of Nat. C. Goodwin, the comedian. Mr. Boylan tells of a circumstance connected with the recent death of Mrs. Goodwin, Eliza Weatherby, which has not yet found its way into public print. Mrs. Goodwin, the day before her death, when she was suffering a great deal, suddenly called her husband to her bedside and said in a whisper: "I have just remembered it—to-day is the anniversary of the death of my beloved sister, Emma Weatherby, and I must not forget to observe it as usual." Mr. Goodwin directed the nurse to go out, buy enough white satin to drape the picture of her dead girl sister, which hung in the bedroom, and also some flowers. The nurse in ordering the satin bought a much larger quantity than was necessary, so Mrs. Goodwin's living sister, Nellie Weatherby, draped the picture. Next day the wife of the comedian died, and there was sufficient white satin left to completely drape the catafalque in which her body reposed.

Alluding to the marriage of Miss Mather, the New York Evening Sun says Mr. Haberkorn is a slim, rather good looking young man of somewhat Tuetoni cast, who wears eye glasses and a blonde mustache; brushes his hair altogether pompadour, and appears to be continually tired. Once in a while he helps his orchestra out with a violin, and he can play other instruments quite as well. Around the theatre they speak of him as a model young man, who neither smokes nor drinks.

The Philadelphia News, a few weeks ago, offered prizes to persons naming the six most popular plays seen in that city in the past three years. Comic and other operas were excluded from consideration. The contest closed on Friday, with 1,208 votes to be counted. The six plays voted for the greatest number of times were these, and in the order given: "Hamlet," "Adonis," "Fedora," "Silver King," "Private Secretary," "Lights o' London." Shakespeare received many compliments, and nearly all his plays got some votes. After receiving this popular vote the News submitted the question to the leading theatre managers for a decision. The manager's list differed less from the popular vote than might have been imagined, and would indicate that they understand the popular taste of Philadelphia. It is noteworthy that Shakespeare receives no recognition whatever from them. The plays put first in the managers' lists respectively are: "Faust," "A Rascal," "Mixed Pickles," "Silver King," "Adonis," "Fedora" and "Lights o' London."

Billy Barry has had a stroke of paralysis, and so the Barry and Fay company has had to close up. Some of the members of the company now demand two weeks' notice. No doubt Billy Barry would have liked the same thing, but he didn't get it.

Pretty Lella Farrell is fast recovering from her last illness, having no further trouble with her lungs, and she will rejoin the Nat Goodwin company in its Brooklyn engagement about the middle of June. She is living with the family of the proprietor of the opera house at Los Angeles.

The St. Louis Republican did an unintentional injury to an estimable lady in describing the seizure, by a constable, of Miss Raimle Austin's wardrobe, including her bustle, at the LaCade one night last week. Miss Austin writes: "Allow me to assure you that I do not wear a bustle, but did I possess such an article, I should feel sorry to think that there was a man brave enough to deprive me of so ornamental and valuable an adjunct."

WOODEN SPOON.

#### OUR PICTURES.

##### Gallant Maurice Grau.

When Sara Bernhardt reached Boston on Sunday evening two feet of snow separated her from the carriage in waiting for her. Remembering the incident in Sir Walter Raleigh's life, her manager, Mr. Maurice Grau, threw his traveling coat upon the snow, and Mme. Bernhardt entered her coach dry shod.

##### A Burglar, Cornered, Shoots Himself.

A correspondent at Hagerstown, Md., writes April 6: A burglar met with almost instant death in Publisher Hayes' house last night. Mr. Hayes has been robbed several times, and late last night he saw A. L. Bowser, who had been in his employ for ten years, enter his store from an adjoining printing office and rob the money drawer. Hayes called to the thief to surrender, whereupon Bowser drew his revolver and shot himself through the head, dying instantly. Bowser, who had been much respected, leaves a wife and three children.

##### He Wanted to Thrash the Judge.

The Brooklyn Court of Session, April 4, was the scene of an exciting episode. The burglar William Henry, alias Cunningham, was brought up for sentence for the crime upon which he was convicted last week, of attempted burglary at a private residence. Judge Moore told the prisoner he was "one of those desperate thieves from the West."

"No, I am not," replied the prisoner, "and it is an outrage to put that on me."

He handed up a letter to prove that he was not the Cunningham from the West.

The Judge declined to accept the explanation, whereupon the man made an indecent remark. Henry started up to attack the court and proceeded as far as the iron gate when four court officers caught him, the prisoner made a desperate resistance cursing and swearing. The melee caused most of the jury to seize their hats and leave the box. The prisoner threatened to get even with the jury and the Judge. He was sentenced to 10 years in Sing Sing.

##### Buoyant Boyton.

Capt. Paul Boyton, accompanied by a press boat, left Hatteras, N. Y., at five o'clock the morning of April 6. The river was quite free from ice, and all elements were much more favorable to the swimmer than on the previous day. Shortly before 8 o'clock Rhinecliff was reached, and as the ebb tide was over, the man fish, landed. After a hearty breakfast Capt. Boyton received delegations from the Kingston Rowing Club and the Rondout Canoeists. At noon, when the flood tide was slack, the Captain again took the water. The weather, which all morning had been pretty nipping, now commenced to thaw out, and the amphibious scribes regained control over their be-umbed limbs. For six hours the captain went tediously ahead, passing through the channel inside of Goopus Island, and at 5:45 in the evening Poughkeepsie was sighted.

Small launches and row boats came out to meet the voyager by scores, and the heights of the city were thronged with people. Everything and everybody had had a whistle used it, and though the ovation was hardly a concord of sweet sounds, it was certainly complimentary to the recipient.

##### Was It Hydrophobia?

From Chicago, Ill., comes this dated April 4: With ing, screaming and baying, as he lay manacled upon the straw-bed floor of a padded cell at the insane department of the County Court, died Herman Schultze, a laborer, unmarried, and about twenty-six years of age, about 11:30 o'clock this morning. He had lived at No. 961 Hoyne street. Late last night it was reported at the Rawson street police station that he had given unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, and that he had recently been bitten by a dog. The patrol wagon was sent to the house, and after the handcuffs had been placed upon Herman and his ankles had been lashed together, he was taken to the County Hospital, but he was too violent and his reception was denied. At five o'clock this morning six officers dragged the powerful maniac into the insane department of the County Court. Here he lay crouching in the corner of his cell or beating the padded walls with his head, face and hands, and giving voice to the most distracting sounds. At times he would foam at the mouth, and again would become suddenly calm and called plaintively in German: "Where is the mamma." Schultze was bitten by a dog four weeks before Christmas. Dr. Bluthard declares it to be a true case of rabies, but thinks the immediate cause of death was apoplexy.

##### Shot at While Preaching.

A special from Pittsburg, Pa., April 6, says: While the congregation of the Brown African Methodist Episcopal Chapel in Allegheny, were holding services last evening a shot was fired, apparently at the pastor. It was about 8:55 o'clock, and Rev. L. Lowry had opened the sermon for the evening with the text: "Thy word is my lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." He was telling the congregation that he was not afraid, as he trusted in the Lord as his light.

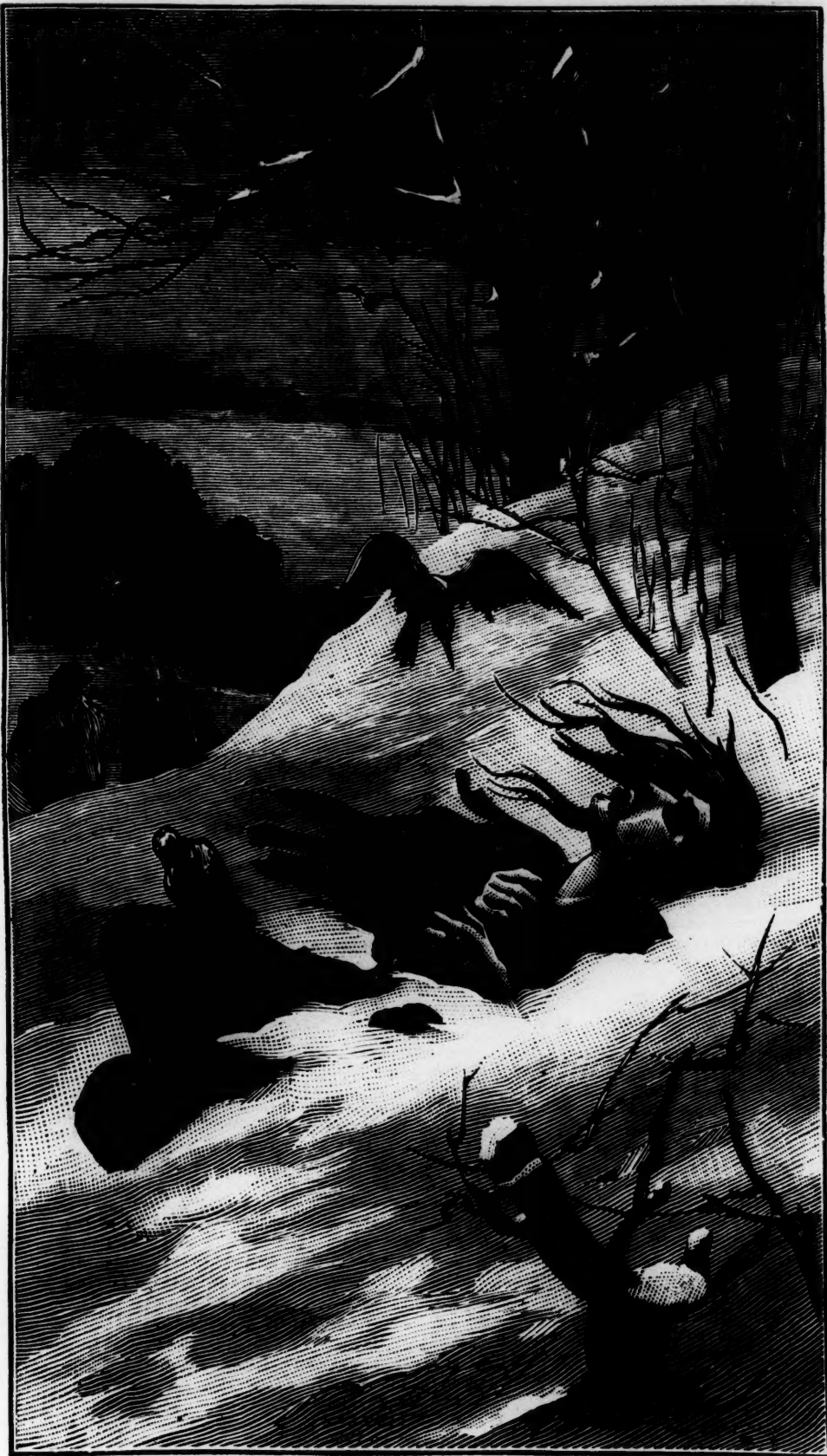
"No matter," he said, "if there are thousands of thieves, murderers and assassins prowling around and lying in wait for me under the cover of darkness." Here he was interrupted by the window crashing, the glass flying in all directions, and a ball whizzed about a foot from his head and lodged in the wall a few feet away from him. The people jumped to titter feet as if lifted by an electric shock. Women screamed, children howled and pandemonium reigned. The pastor exerted himself to the utmost to calm his flock and finally finished his sermon. He then hunted for the bullet and found a 48-calibre ball hidden about an inch deep in the wall. When it was dug out it was found to be flattened on one side.

The Rev. Mr. Lowry was seen at his residence, and when asked whether he was able to define the cause of the firing of the shot said: "I am sure that the shot was meant for me because it came straight through the window, passed my head and hit the opposite wall at the same height as it entered the window. I believe that it was shot from the roof of a house in White Oak alley, because I delivered the sermon on the second floor of the church. It could not have been fired from the street, for it would have struck the ceiling. The ball was that from a 48-calibre revolver I believe. While there is no man who has no enemies, yet I do not know of anybody who hates me to such an extent that he would shoot me. There are, however, people who dislike me."



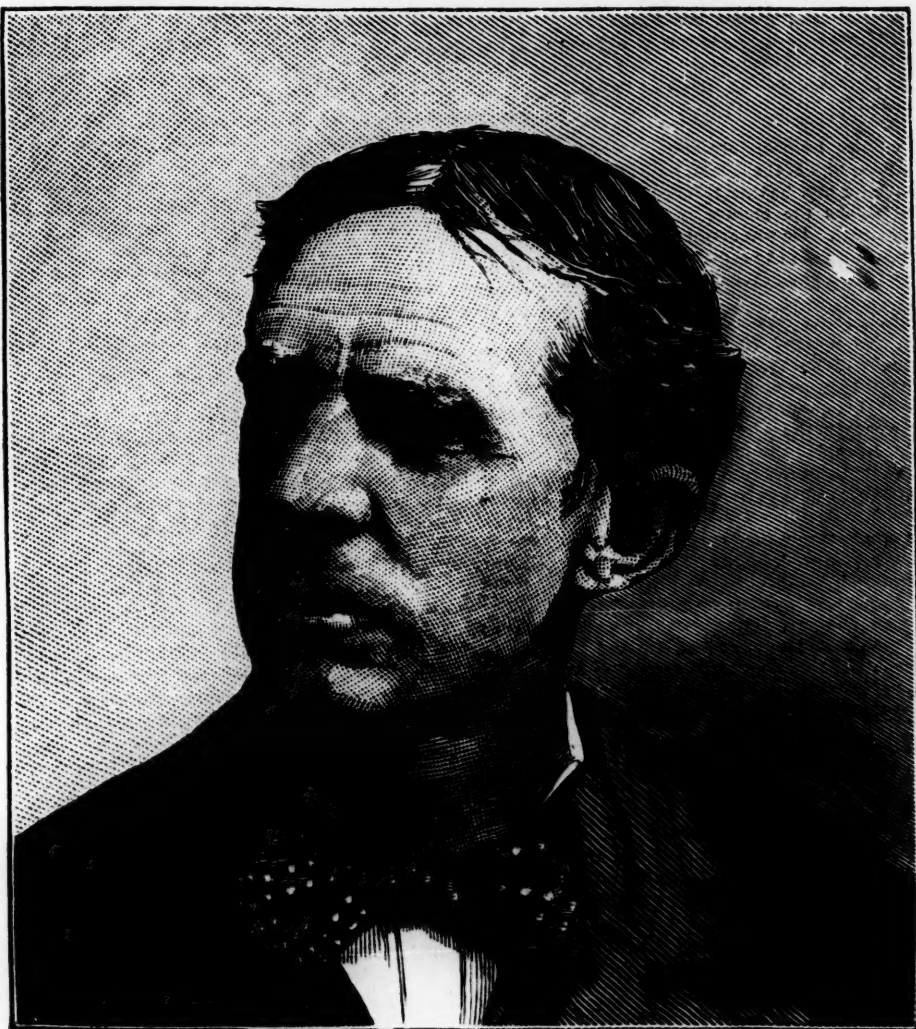
A number of bank checks were also found—some blank and others filled out and signed. One check of the Ontario bank of Toronto, called for \$1,000. One of the letters written by his mother stated that he learned that he had passed a check for a large amount on the Dominion bank of Ontario, and that the detectives were scouring the province in search of him.





ONLY A PAUPER.

THE HORRIBLE DEATH IN A BLIZZARD OF MRS. ABBY LINDSEY AN INSANE WOMAN AT PRESCOTT, MASS.



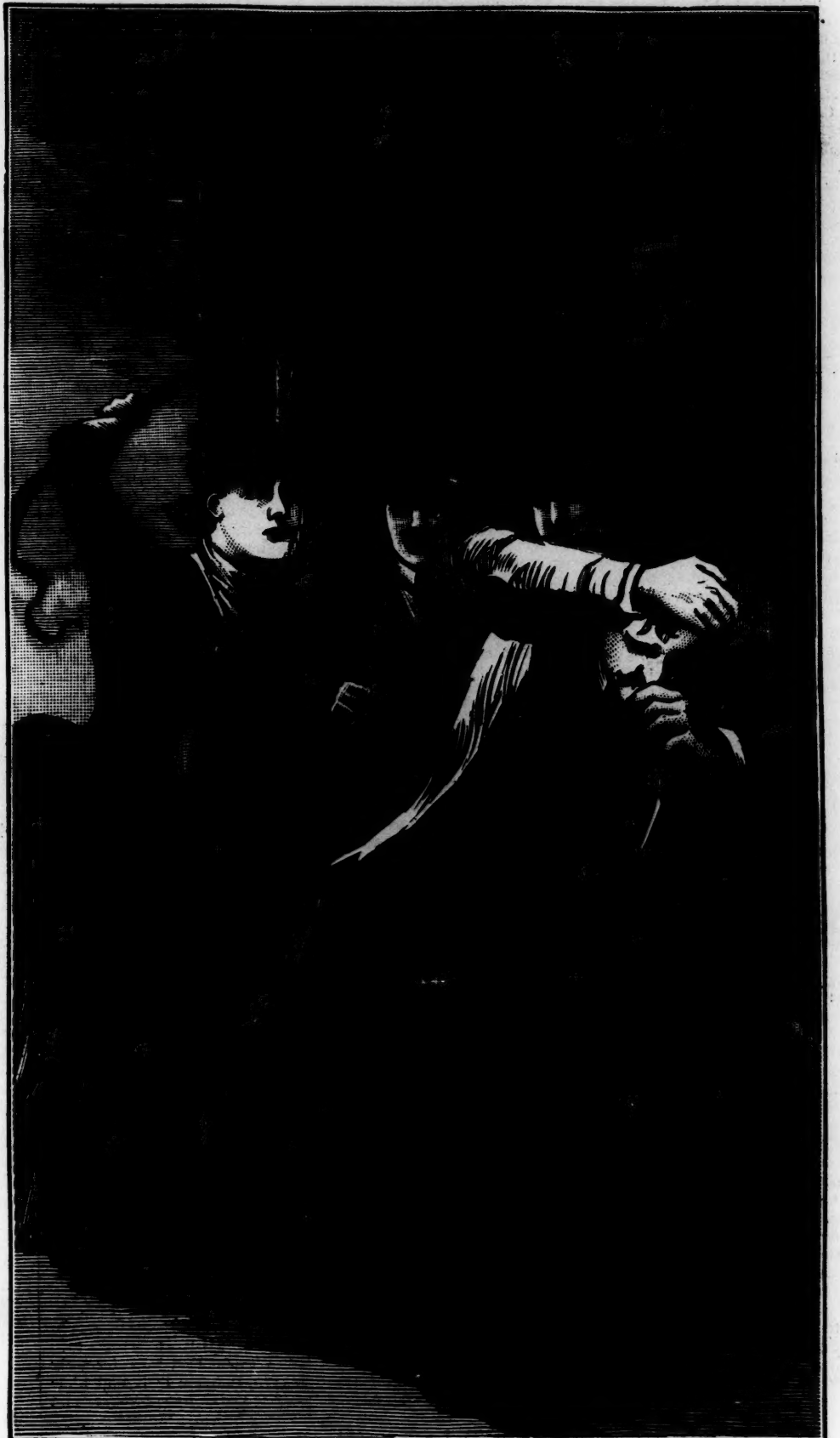
JOHN T. RAYMOND,

THE GENIAL LITTLE COMEDIAN WHO CREATED "COLONEL SELLERS" AND DIED LAST WEEK IN EVANSVILLE, IND.



CHAS. H. SHEFFER,

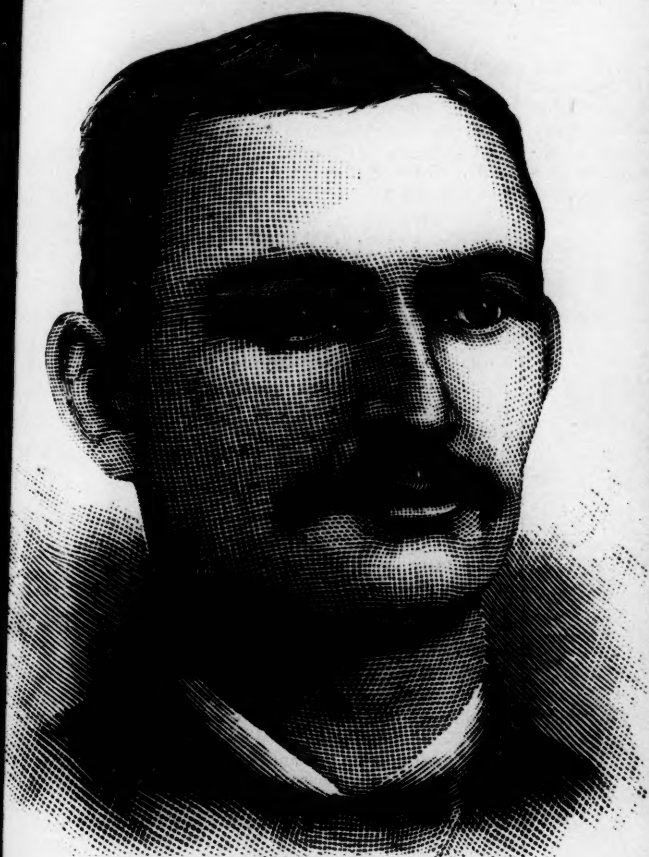
THE WELL-KNOWN AND ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG COMEDIAN OF SHEFFER, BLAKELY AND JEROME.



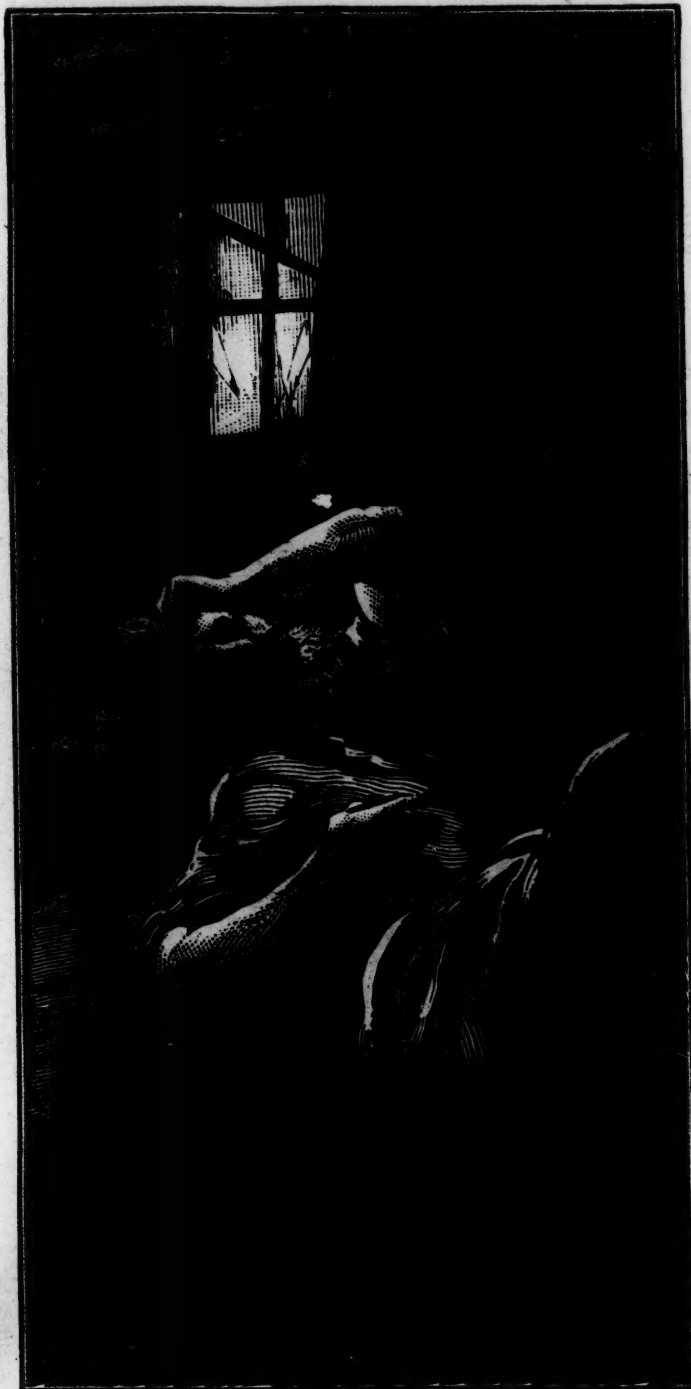
HE GOT IT IN THE NECK.

MISS MAY ELLINGSWORTH HAS A BRIEF BUT EXCITING INTERVIEW WITH MR. JESSE THORNE IN JERSEY CITY, N. J.

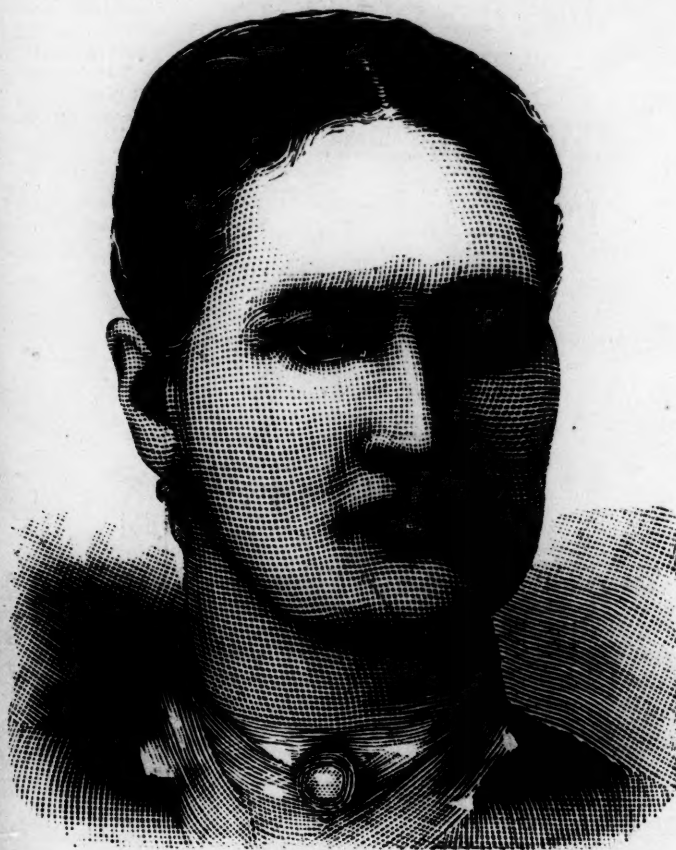




TALCOTT R. READER,  
THE GALLANT SCOTTVILLE MERCHANT WHO IS SAID TO HAVE  
MADE LOVE TO MRS. CHAPIN, LUDINGTON, MICH.



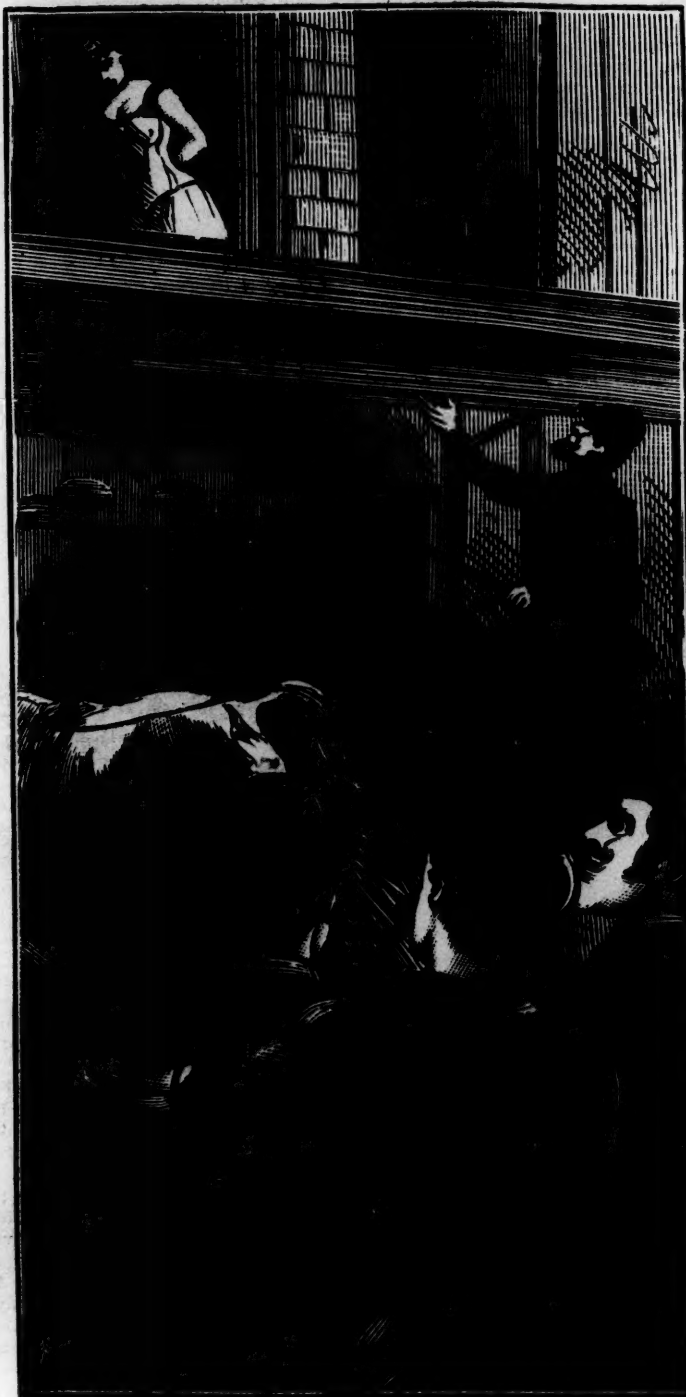
ANOTHER HERMIT.  
JAMES BARNEY, A WEALTHY MISER, DIES IN ABJECT SQUALOR  
IN BENTON COUNTY, ARK.



MRS. MARY BIEHL,  
THE CHAMPION KLOPER WHO HAS DONE THE FLY-AWAY ACT  
TWICE IN TWO MONTHS, READING, PA.



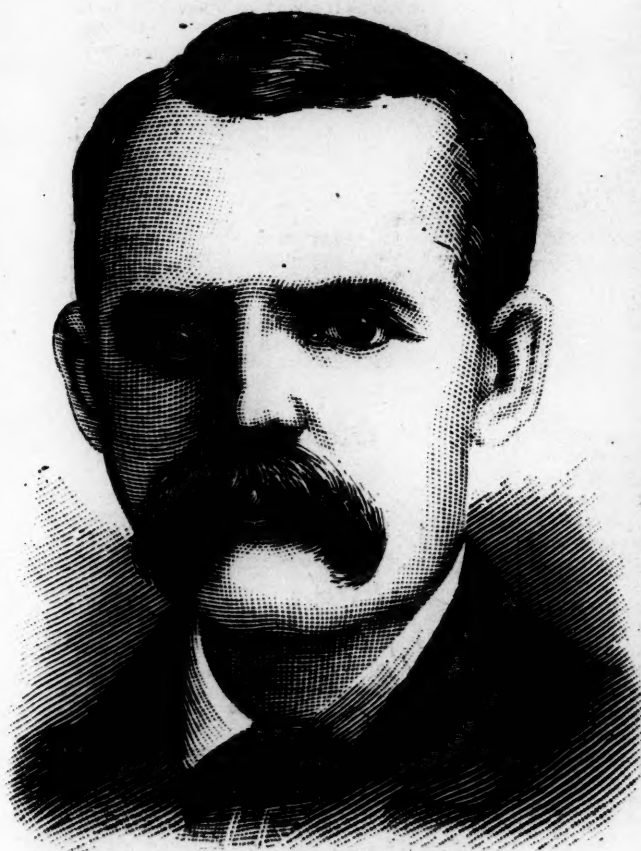
MRS. F. A. CHAPIN,  
ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN CAUGHT BY HER HUSBY IN CLOSE  
QUARTERS WITH THE SCOTTVILLE MERCHANT.



THE LATEST.  
HOW A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY ENTERTAINED A CROWD  
OF SUNDAY PROMENADEES ON BROADWAY.



VIC E. VAN ZANET,  
A DASHING YOUNG MAN WHO IS CHARGED WITH SOME CLEVER  
FORGERIES, KNOB LICK, MO.



WILLIAM F. BAGGOT,  
THE SWELL SOCIETY FORGER AND MASHER SENTENCED TO  
STATE PRISON FOR TWO YEARS, JEFFERSONVILLE, KY.



ELIZABETH RODGERS,  
THE MASTER WORKWOMAN OF DISTRICT ASSEMBLY 24 OF  
CHICAGO AND ONLY FEMALE K. OF L. LEADER.

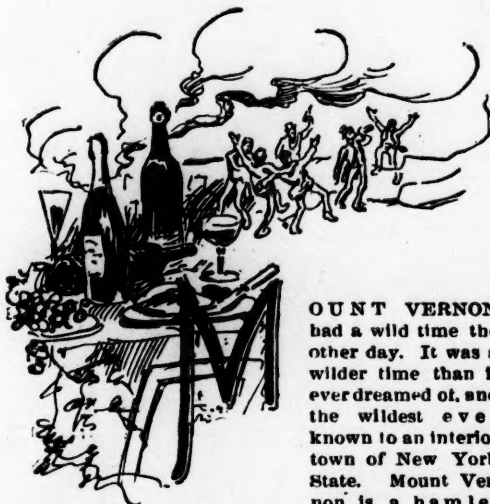


## LOTS OF FUN.

Thomas B. Gunning, a Rich  
Young Englishman, Gives  
a Barbecue at Mt.  
Vernon, N. Y.

## LASHIN'S OF LUSH.

The Picnic Ends Up in a Big Fight, and  
the Host Thinks of Running  
for Office.

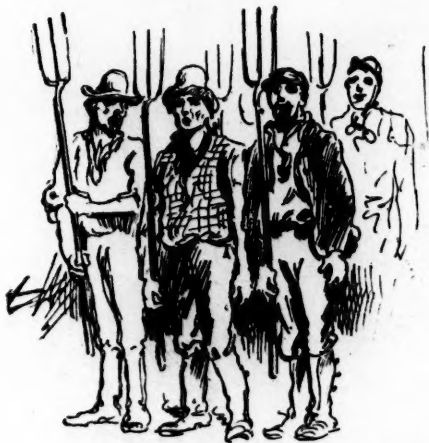


about twenty-five miles up the line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. It is a placid place, with few events, so that the oldest inhabitant will henceforth date all future occurrences from the reign of terror that was yesterday caused by "Gunning's Barbecue."

Thomas B. Gunning, Jr., is a very wealthy young Englishman who last June leased the Allerton farm, two miles from Mount Vernon, on the White Plains road, and has since been conducting it as a large milk ranch. Mr. Gunning is very eccentric. His house, as it appeared the other afternoon when the back door barricade was removed, was redolent of flowers, and beautiful blossoms were everywhere visible from the kitchen to the parlor. This is its perpetual state, and arises from the fact that upon taking possession Mr. Gunning leased the capacious conservatory and green-houses to a nurseryman on condition that he would pay him \$1 a day rental and six dozen roses daily all the year round. This contract has been faithfully carried out. The nurseryman has made a profitable contract, being allowed to eke out the lacking roses upon occasions with other flowers. Mr. Gunning, being passionately fond of flowers, is satisfied as well.

Friday last it occurred to Mr. Gunning that yesterday would be his twenty-eighth birthday, and he instantly became desirous of celebrating it in some memorable fashion. Having passed the most of his life since he left college in England in the Argentine Republic on an immense stock farm he determined to have such a barbecue as he had often witnessed on the Rio de la Plata. To think was to act. He summoned his secretary, and the next afternoon 200 printed invitations were issued, as follows:

You are cordially invited to a  
**GRAND BARBECUE AND DRINKS FOR THE CROWD,**  
in honor of free America and her sovereign people,  
to be given at the Coach House of A. M. Allerton,  
Esq., on the White Plains road, Mt. Vernon, on  
Tuesday, March 27, 1887, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Car-  
riages will be in waiting at the depot, where you  
will please meet them. Returning carriages will  
leave in time for town meeting. By order of the  
**SMALL MOGUL.**  
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y. March 27, 1887.



The pitchfork drill.

The consternation that this sinister proclamation created in the peaceful and conservative circles of Mount Vernon can scarcely be appreciated in a wicked metropolis. A meeting of the Supervisors was instantly

called, and the "President of the Village," as Mr. Gunning styles him, declared that he would instantly go out and reason with Mr. Gunning, whose previous eccentricities led everybody to expect Bedlam let loose on this occasion.

The Supervisors refused to authorize him, however. It happened that yesterday was election day in Mount Vernon, when the destinies of the town were to be potentially affected by the choice of a Supervisor, a Town Clerk and a Constable. Consequently the Supervisors, fearing that their President would utilize the barbecue for political purposes, sent one of their own number. Mr. Gunning received him politely, said

He put on a... which is a fiery red blanket, with a hole cut in it to put one's head through. Over his dress suit and a crush hat on... barnyard, had an oven built next to... a fire lighted, which soon made a... Then he caused a pole to be thrust through... which was placed over the coals. All night long the enthusiastic host superintended the roasting. At 9 o'clock in the morning the guests began to arrive. The house was barricaded and the wife and maids were safely in the tower.

"I had no fears at first," he said, "but after they got



The spree.

he was an alien, knew little about politics and cared less, and was going to have a barbecue because he liked 'em.

His preparations were of two widely different kinds. The first related to the reception and entertainment of his guests; the second to the defense of his wife and household against them. He began by chartering all the horses, carriages, trucks and furniture vans in Mount Vernon. There are only two livery establishments there, and he paid them \$100 apiece. The opposing candidates flew to him in despair, declaring that they must have some vehicles for election purposes. It made no difference to him. He needed them for his guests.

For the barbecue he bought 200 loaves of bread, a dozen boxes of cakes, 180 gallons of whiskey, a barrel of Jamaica rum, and forty gallons of brandy. A portion of this he had made into forty gallons of milk punch. He had an ox slaughtered which, when dressed, weighed 720 pounds. He further, in order that music might lend its sensuous softness to the scene, purchased 100 tin horns. Then he had the large coach-house cleared and everything made ready.

To defend his house from his guests he first carefully inspected the arsenal, which consists of four Winchester rifles and two six shooters. Then he had all the doors and windows barricaded except the back door, which he used for exit and entrance during the

started I was deathly afraid they would set the place on fire." Instead of two hundred three hundred men appeared. The ox, which was brought in on the shoulders of eight men, received some perfunctory attention, but not much. The barrels of whiskey were broached and the fun began. Norman A. Lawlor, Mr. Gunning's attorney, made a speech of welcome, which was enthusiastically applauded in the interjections of all languages, for all nationalities were represented. They came from the highways and byways, and they revelled. G. H. Cameron, a real estate dealer, tried to talk, but created but little interest. The liquor question was the absorbing topic of discussion. Whisky flowed in rivers. They gulped it down from dippers, buckets and pans. The more they gulped the more they yelled. Every man who thought he could sing tried to. The common ambition was to make a noise. When the tin horns were passed around the roof began to loosen. Indignant artists overlooked in the distribution raided the pan house and converted the milkpans into drums, which they hammered with clubs. They stamped and beat the sides of the barn till the noise was deafening. Mr. Gunning superintended everything with placid dignity, modestly declining to make a speech.

By 11:30 200 of the 300 were wildly, insanely drunk. They would wander off, and fall down on their backs, and yell to high heaven because they could not do



The fight.

gladsome merry-making. He planned that Mrs. Gunning and the maids should take refuge in the tower, which is a rectangular observatory on the top of the country house, and which overlooks the scene. Not satisfied with this he mobilized his troops by organizing a pitchfork brigade. For three hours Sunday afternoon he had six of his men, three of them Germans who had served in the German army, and one of them a Hungarian of bellicose experience, standing in line in the barn yard armed with pitchforks and learning the pitchfork drill. His coachman was formerly in the Sixteenth Lancers, and fought with them in Zululand. He superintended the drill, and put the pitchforkers through the lancers' manual of thrust, parry, and the lateral movements until Mr. Gunning was satisfied with their proficiency.

The only cloud that marred the preparations was the sudden discovery Sunday evening at dinner time that nobody knew how to barbecue an ox. Nothing dismayed, Mr. Gunning undertook it. He always arrays himself in evening dress for dinner, and consequently he wore an evening dress when the difficulty was announced.

anything else. Inside the coach house pandemonium reigned. A group of Italians in one corner were the ugliest and fell to fighting. Mr. Gunning jumped into the fight, broke his whip over the head of one of the guests and knocked the other down. A second fight started soon afterward, and he stopped that by seizing one of the contestants by the ears and locking him up in a box stall. The outlook had become so threatening that several appealed to him to adjourn the happy gathering, and he finally consented. One hundred men more or less sober then began to load 200 men more or less drunk into wagons. Finally all were loaded in and the procession of thirty vans started for town, yelling, fighting, blowing horns and beating pans. Mr. Gunning then put a violet in his button-hole and informed his wife and the maids that they might come down. Fearing to go himself, he sent his Secretary to report proceedings in Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon was prepared. Its doors were closed and its shutters up. Five minutes after the procession of wagons arrived and dumped its load on the open space next to the station there were only six fights visible from the window of Dr. Casey's office. Five

minutes after only one fight was visible, but everybody was in it. Noses were punched, cheeks hammered and eyes blackened, everybody yelling like an Indian. The good citizens backed up the constables and hustled the fighters to the lock-up, but it had only four cells. If any two men were put in a cell the lock-up was endangered, to say nothing of the men. Consequently no more than four could be taken there, and the fight wore itself out. Nobody was seriously hurt, however, for there were no weapons, and all the fighters were too drunk to do much injury.

"A regular Donnybrook fair, you know," said Mr. Gunning mildly. "O! it was no end of fun."

In his flower-bung residence the host last evening awaited the return of his secretary.

"Do you really think, Hellmann," he asked, "that it will be safe for Mrs. Gunning or myself to go to town for a few days?"

"Safe," said Hellmann, "why, you're the most popular man in the county. They'd take the horses from your carriage and drag it themselves to honor you."

Mr. Gunning smiled a bland smile and was at ease.

### A Wife-Abuser Shot.

A special dispatch from Cleburne, Tex., dated April 7 says: About 12 o'clock to-day J. T. Tucker was shot and fatally wounded by Jim Shipley. The circumstances were as follows: Shipley and Tucker were living in the same house. Tucker came home about 12 o'clock considerably intoxicated, and began using abusive language to his wife, and breaking up the furniture. His conduct became so unbearable that she was compelled to leave the house.

Believing that she had taken refuge in Shipley's room, Tucker went in there and commenced abusing Mrs. Shipley. She ran across the street to Moody's blacksmith shop, where her husband was at work. Shipley persuaded her to return, for he didn't think Tucker had any notion of abusing her. On her return



Roasting the ox.

Tucker still persisted in abusing her until she was compelled to go to her husband again. This time Shipley went to the house to see if he could control Tucker.

On entering he found Tucker with his pistol in his hand. Tucker asked him to tell him where his (Tucker's) wife was. Shipley told him he did not know. Tucker then began abusing him, saying he would kill him if he didn't tell, and was flourishing his pistol in Shipley's face when Shipley picked up a pistol, which happened to be on the table near by, and fired. The ball entered the neck to the right of the wind-pipe, just above the collar bone, and passed through the body, coming out near the left shoulder blade.

### Cut His Throat And Jumped From a Window.

At 5:30 o'clock the morning of April 11 August Kolbon, a surgical instrument maker, of No. 629 East One Hundred and Fifty-fourth street, had a dispute with his wife about \$5, which he claimed she had spent unnecessarily. He ended the dispute by cutting his throat. An ambulance was called and he was taken to the Harlem Hospital and put in bed on the second floor. His wound, which was from ear to ear, was bandaged and an incision made in his throat through which a tube was inserted to allow him to breathe. Kolbon recovered consciousness. About 9 o'clock he distracted the attention of the attendant to another



Protecting the ladies.

part of the room, jumped up and threw himself headlong from the open window. The fall did not kill him, as the ground was soft, but it made his wound bleed freely and he died before noon. Deputy Coroner Schaler granted a death certificate.



## A GREAT PAIR.

Champion John L. Sullivan  
Makes the Personal Ac-  
quaintance of Presi-  
dent Grover  
Cleveland.

## THEIR TALK.

The World's Premier Athlete Gives the  
President Some Tips On the  
Subject of Training.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the distinguished visitors at the White House April 4, was Col. John L. Sullivan, who called to pay his respects to President Cleveland. Col. Sullivan and his manager, Pat Sheedy, were driven from their hotel in an open coupe to the White House, arriving there at about 1.15. The Colonel wore his newest Prince Albert coat, with its silk lapel facings showing resplendently under the bright April sun. He wore also the latest style of silk hat, which was drawn a few degrees out of line over the left eye. From the outside pocket in Col. Sullivan's coat peeped the corner of a linen handkerchief, with numerous figures of horse-shoes about the size of trade dollars.

The hands of the Massachusetts Colonel were incased in yellow dogskin gloves with the prevailing black stitching at the back. As they were driven up the winding way from the Pennsylvania avenue entrance to the White House, Col. Sullivan who sat upon the left side of the coupe, gracefully rested his right arm over the back of the vehicle.

When the carriage reached a shady spot under the second great elm tree the horse was stopped as if to give it a breathing spell, when Col. Sullivan drew from his pocket in the most graceful manner his horse-shoe handkerchief and mopped the perspiration from his brow. The folds of the handkerchief were carefully rearranged and it was placed back in its original position, with perhaps a half-dozen more horse-shoes exposed to view. The horse was again started, and in a minute and longer the door of the White House had been reached.

Upon the portico were standing a number of persons, many of whom were prominent and well-known public men, awaiting the arrival of the noted visitor. Col. Sullivan was the first to alight from the carriage, and was followed quickly by Mr. Sheedy. As the two were about to enter Secretary Bayard walked up the steps and across the stone floor with considerable haste and entered the door almost at the same time. Secretary Bayard quickly recognized the champion and joined the others in taking a good look at him. The premier bowed politely and passed hurriedly on to the stairs, which were soon ascended, while Sullivan and his companion passed on into the East Parlor, where there were already two or three hundred men and women awaiting the coming of the President.

On former occasions at the President's receptions the utmost silence prevailed when the time approached for the President to make his appearance, but today it was quite the opposite after a minute or two, almost every one in the room knew of the presence of the champion, who immediately became of more interest to them than the expected presence of the President. Col. Sullivan took a modest position in the rear of the room immediately in front of the life-size painting of Martha Washington. As he stood gazing at the painting he asked his manager who the person represented in the picture was. Upon being told it was the wife of the first President, the young colonel from Boston remarked:

"If that is a good picture of her she was a daisy, but there are many finer looking girls in Boston."

During this time a ring had been formed around him by the interested spectators, which gave the colonel the appearance of being very much at home.

Promptly at 1:30 the double doors leading from the hall to the East Room were opened, when the President appeared and took his usual position. One by one the crowd passed out after shaking hands with him. Col. Sullivan and his friends remained in the rear to be presented in person after the others had gone. When the room was comparatively empty Mr. Sheedy advanced and took the President's hand, when he presented Col. Sullivan in the following manner:

"Mr. President, I want to introduce to you John L. Sullivan, of Boston, the champion pugilist of the world. He comes to pay his respects as one champion to another." Col. Sullivan advanced and took the President's hand.

"Well, Mr. Sullivan," said the President, "I am glad to meet you. I have heard of you a great many times. You are not as large a man as I expected to see." The President, however, showed signs of wincing as the champion pugilist gave him the grip.

"Mr. President," Sullivan responded, "you are looking a great deal slier than I expected to find you, judging from what I have seen in the papers." He then gave the President's right arm a squeeze and added: "You are a little soft, though, and need a half dozen Turkish baths to put you in condition." The President then doubled his biceps, and asked Sullivan to "feel his muscle." Sullivan did so with a patronizing air, but remarked deprecatingly:

"I am afraid you would hardly stay four rounds." Sullivan then showed the President an improvement

in his "guard," and remarked that he thought the President should reduce his flesh.

"You ought to have a little go with me every morning for a month or so. That would put you in condition to handle those guys who travel up here every day to bother you."

Before taking his leave the champion extended a cordial invitation to the President to witness his exhibition in the evening. "Get off and come down," said he. "I will be glad to see you." After getting on the outside Sullivan remarked to Sheedy that he was very much taken with the President and glad to have the opportunity of meeting him.

"If he would only put a little more Sullivan into his administration and knock out a lot of the old office-holders," said the departing Colonel as he was about to get into his carriage, "he would be doing the good thing."

## THREE SULLIVANS IN BLUE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our Boston, Mass., correspondent writes April 4 Since the days when Bunker Hill burst out upon the British, Tremont street has not been in such a state of excitement as was witnessed on its thoroughfare last night. Shortly after 10 o'clock three blue-coated, brass-buttoned members of the police force came staggering out of a corner saloon too intoxicated to keep the sidewalk.

From saloon to saloon they wandered, demanding drinks with clubs in their hands. Finally, maddened by the fiery fluid, they entered the home of an old lady in Beacon street by a basement window and commenced to wreck the place.

The lady, who was an invalid, was rudely hustled from bed and forced to give up her watch, chain and money.

The blue coats then climbed into an adjoining house in which a man and his wife with a little child lived. One of the brutal fellows grabbed the babe by its legs and rudely held it head down in front of its mother. Finally, upon a threat to shoot made by the father of the child the burly ruffian dropped the child and fled.

While in this highly cultured exercise a squad of police marched up and placed all three under arrest. The wildest indignation is expressed everywhere. Nevertheless the officials are very reticent about the matter, and thus far it has been impossible to ascertain the names of the blue-coated ruffians.

## HUSBAND VS. DUDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A dramatic little episode of marital life was rehearsed to an admiring and appreciative multitude at the bridge entrance the other day. The dramatic personae were a husband, a wife and a dude. The first to appear in the little drama was the dude. He made his bow from a stylish carriage drawn up in front of the bridge. Lady appears from right side of entrance, dressed in seal saque and veil that conceals her features.

Dude stops mouthing silver handle of walking stick, looks earnestly at lady, puts right hand over his heart and murmurs, "My love, my life, my soul." He offers left arm to lady, who accepts it, and both move in direction of carriage.

Stalwart gentleman, looking very wrathful, suddenly steps from behind pillar. Seizes lady by arm and dude by the collar. Lady turns round and ejaculates:

"My husband! me husband!" and prepares to fall in faint on breast of dude. Stalwart gentleman shakes her vigorously. Faint postponed.

Gent hisses in her ear, "Is this the way you go to spend the day with your mother?"

Then walking dude to edge of curbstone, stalwart gentleman lifts right boot and propels dude in direction of City Hall liberty pole. Leads lady to bridge cars.

Tableau and flourish. Bridge policeman disperses crowd.

## A CORSET MATINEE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a lady in this city who had a hard corset struggle the other afternoon. By an actual count that was taken she tried on eight different pairs.

Some horrid men out on the sidewalk did the counting.

A POLICE GAZETTE reporter was one of them. While walking up Broadway he noticed a group of gentlemen standing in front of the Bijou and looking very attentively across the way. They were all wrapped up in it. The group kept increasing until it became a crowd.

They were all looking at a window in the Grand Hotel across the way. The window was a tall one, lace curtained and on the second floor. In the triangle of blackness, bordered by the curtains, was the sight.

It was a lady of about thirty, whom nature had been kind to. She was robed in white, that is, portions of her were. The rest wasn't robed in anything.

She was trying on corsets, facing them, pulling them down and doing all sorts of things with them, and seemingly quite oblivious of the audience that was watching her. The crowd became interested, but it hoped that she would not be successful in finding a fit for a good while. She was not. Just why she should stand so near an uncurtained window, opening on Broadway, was a mystery that no one tried to solve. But that crowd liked riddles.

She found a fit.

The crowd sighed and dispersed.

## JIMMY COLLINS.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we publish a portrait of Jimmy Collins of Port Richmond, the famous feather-weight pugilist. Collins is 28 years old, fights at 116 pounds and offers to fight Tommy Warren, Tommy Danforth, Tommy Barnes or Patsy O'Leary, for \$5000 or \$1,000, or give any feather-weight in America five pounds. Collins has a great record, won numerous fights and fought Jack Keenan 100 rounds. Beat Frank Coyle in 15 rounds; beat Jack Doherty in 2 rounds; beat Mike Gillespie of Baltimore in one round; beat Donald Harrison in two rounds; beat Billy Tice in four rounds; beat Tom Allen of New York, in two rounds; beat Frank Martin of Newark, N. J.; beat Mike Martin in four rounds; beat Johnny Forsyth in four rounds; beat Joe White in two rounds; beat Pat Murtha in one round; beat Pat Patton in one round; beat George Muller; beat Rexis Gallagher; beat Ned Keefe in two rounds; and several others. He is a genuine boxer and ready to fight.

## TURNED OUT TO STARVE.

The Sufferings of a Boy Whose Drunken Father Deserted Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Abraham Matthews, fifteen years of age, has been sent to the Kings County Hospital, at Flatbush. His feet were so terribly frost bitten that they were like raw masses of flesh. He could not stand. The poor boy had been an outcast for the past four weeks, and he nearly died from hunger and exposure. The story of his sufferings is quite pathetic.

His father, Jacob Matthews, is an oysterman, who lives alone in a little hut at Ruffle Bar, Jamaica Bay. When he is not digging for oysters he makes the bottle his chief companion. Six years ago he separated from his wife, and Mrs. Matthews now resides with a farmer at Pearsall's. Since the separation the boy Abraham has been neglected by both parents, the mother, however, being too poor to support him. Part of the time he managed to live at the humble home of his sister, a Mrs. Wogan, at No. 112 Atlantic avenue, East New York.

Abraham says his father turned him out of his home about four weeks ago one terribly cold night. The poor boy wandered through the streets, and the next day he walked from Canarsie to East New York. His feet became frost bitten. He reached the house of his sister, where he was given a meagre meal and remained for several days. But for some reason she did not want him there. She gave him ten cents and ordered him out of the house. The boy begged piteously to be allowed shelter for the night, but was ordered away.

Scarcely able to walk upon his frost-bitten feet, he started to go to his mother by following the track of the Long Island Railroad. The first night he went to sleep in a doorway on Atlantic avenue and next day he spent the only money he had—ten cents—for something to eat. What he was going to do for more food he did not know, but he walked along the railroad, and finding a flagman's little house, he determined to sleep in it through the night. In this shelter he slept.

He became sick from exposure and want of food. On the second day he managed to attract the attention of one of a number of boys who were playing near the flagman's hut. It was John Chamberlain, aged twelve, who lives with his parents at No. 86 Van Surderin avenue. He found the half-famished lad and asked him what was the matter.

"I'm awful hungry, and my feet hurt me so."

Johnnie Chamberlain told his boy companions. The boys decided not to tell the police for the curious reason that they feared they might arrest him.

Johnnie ran home and informed his mother of the occurrence, and, notwithstanding that she is a poor woman, she sent a bountiful supply of wholesome food to the poor boy. He ate every morsel greedily. The little Samaritan supplied Abraham with food for nine days, and then, as his feet became so much worse, Mrs. Chamberlain took an interest in the boy and called on him.

She discovered that his feet were frost bitten, and that his face was swollen and almost blue with cold. He was in a pitiable condition. He lay in one corner of the hut moaning piteously with the pain in his feet. He could not stand up, as the pain was so great. Mrs. Chamberlain hastened to a neighbor's house, and this neighbor, who had a crippled son, loaned Mrs. Chamberlain a pair of crutches. She returned to the poor boy, and, assisted by her son, managed to get Abraham to her home, about one hundred yards away. He was so cold that he could hardly use the crutches.

At Mrs. Chamberlain's house the sufferer's feet were so swollen that his shoes had to be cut from his feet. Then a bed was made in one corner of the dining room, and Abraham was made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

As Mrs. Chamberlain is a poor woman she could not afford to hire a physician, but she sent to Superintendent Wilkins, of the Brooklyn Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and he sent Policeman McComb to investigate the case. The facts as given above were ascertained, and the poor, homeless boy was sent to the County Hospital at Flatbush. He is now receiving good attention.

He says his mother loves him but is unable to care for him. She is only a housekeeper, and there is no room in her house for him.

Whenever he had called on his mother he was kindly treated, but he never was permitted to remain more than a day or two with her. She would always give him a little money when he left, but he could not save it.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will cause the arrest of the father. The sister who turned the boy away from the house claims that she was too poor to keep him, and that for other reasons she did not want him with her.

## A LADY ON A COW-CATCHER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Lady Macdonald in *Murray's Magazine* says: "It is an awful thing to do!" I hear a voice say, as the little group lean forward, and for a moment I feel a thrill that is very like fear, but it is gone at once, and I can think of nothing but the novelty, the excitement and the fun of this mad ride in glorious sunshine and intoxicating air, with magnificent mountains before and around me, their lofty peaks smiling down on us, and never a frown on their grand faces.

The pace quickens gradually, surely, swiftly, and then we are rushing up to the summit. We soon stand on the "Great Divide"—5,000 feet above sea level—between the two great oceans. As we pass, Mr. E—, by a gesture, points out a small river (called Bath Creek, I think), which issuing from a lake on the narrow summit level, winds near the track. I look, and lo! the water, flowing eastward toward the Atlantic side, turns in a moment as the Divide is passed, and pours westward down the Pacific slope.

## DEATH OF A HERMIT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

From Little Rock, Ark., a special dated April 7th says: On Monday last James Barney was found in an almost dying condition in his log cabin at Benton, Ark., and was taken to the house of a neighbor where he died the next day. About fifteen years ago Barney came to Benton county, and took up his abode in an old, tumble-down log cabin, where he has lived ever since. The house is furnished with a box of straw for a bed, the covering consisting of a piece of an old blanket. One small skillet was his only cooking utensil. No cup, saucer, knife or fork could be found in the house, but \$400 was found wrapped in a bundle

of rags; also mortgages on real estate amounting to \$3,000.

Over two-hundred cigars were found sticking in a crack of the cabin, which had been given him at different times. Barney was a man of good education, and could talk on almost any subject, but he rarely ever talked of himself or his past history. From papers found in the house, it is believed that he came from Pennsylvania, and he told a neighbor that he had a sister living in New York. He left no will, and it is believed he was interested largely in mining, as well as being chief owner in a stock ranch in one of the Western Territories.

## MRS. MARY BIEHL.

[With Portrait.]

"Yes, she has eloped again, and this time I'm going to let her go. She has chosen her bed, and she must lie in it."

So said John Biehl, of 350 North Eleventh street, Reading, Pa., to a reporter. He was speaking of his wife, Mrs. Mary Biehl, whose first elopement was six weeks ago with the tailor, Augustus Kanheise. Mrs. Biehl has now performed the flyaway act twice within two months, and is fairly entitled to the bel as the champion eloper of the county.

The picture we publish was taken some years ago. Since that date Mrs. Biehl has rounded out to more voluptuous proportions.

She is a handsome woman, only twenty-five years old, with yellow, puffy hair and the prettiest of melting blue eyes. Her complexion is of an exquisite blonde type, and she has a form well molded and with graceful curves.

Mrs. Biehl is intelligent, but frivolous. She had a pleasant home, with her husband and four children, but the husband was too steadygoing—he was not up to her speed. She delighted in chatty company, especially men's, music, wine and excitement.

"I made no inquiries, nor shall I," says the injured husband. "I have an idea she has gone back to a man named John Castler, a cigarmaker, in Jersey Heights, N. J. She stopped with him a few days as his housekeeper when she ran away before. His wife had eloped from him a short time previous to that. He is quite well off."

## A DESPERADO'S EXPLOIT.

A special from Cameron, Tex., dated April 8, says: News reaches here from Rockdale, this (Milam) county, of a fatal fight between officers of the law and a noted desperado named William Jacobs. Some weeks ago Jacobs killed a man in this county and went in hiding. Yesterday the sheriff learned that Jacobs was stopping with a friend named Ira Bounds who lives twelve miles south of Rockdale. Deputy Sheriffs John Pickett, Lee Pool, and Frank McCalla were detailed to make the arrest. Accompanied by a posse of half a dozen citizens, they rode up to the Bounds farm and quietly surrounded the house. Hardly had the horsemen appeared in front of the house before the door opened and Jacobs stepped out a Winchester in his hand with the bravado of a born desperado. He surveyed the officers for a moment and then quietly raised his rifle and began a battle single-handed against six men. His first bullet pierced the head of Deputy Sheriff Pool, who fell from his horse dead. Simultaneously the posse opened fire upon Jacobs, who stood unscathed. Deputy McCalla was wounded in the arm, while a member of the posse named Barber, brother of the county clerk, was struck in the head by a glancing bullet and rendered insane. After emptying his 18-repeating rifle at the officers, Jacobs threw the gun away, and, drawing a revolver, ran to the rear of the yard, followed by a shower of bullets, and miraculously succeeded in escaping to the woods. Another posse has gone to the assistance of officers who are scouring the country for Jacobs with the avowed intention of lynching him as soon as captured. The man Barber cannot live. He is a raving maniac.

## SHOT BY AN INDIAN.

From Vinita, I. T., April 7, comes this special: The semi-annual annuity payment to the Delaware Indians was made near this place yesterday, and as is usually the custom, the event was celebrated by a dance. A large quantity of whiskey had been smuggled in from the States, and as the night advanced its effects were plainly manifested. About 2 o'clock this morning the imbibers grew more hilarious, and a pistol shot told that the climax had been reached. John Thornton, a white man, fell pierced through the body by a bullet, and before he expired he stated that Simon Secondine, a Delaware, was the man who shot him. Secondine has been arrested.

## CHAS. H. SHEFFER.

[With Portrait.]

This brilliant young comedian, who is portrayed on another page, is a member of the professional team of Sheffer, Blakely and Jerome, and goes on the road next season under the management of Mr. George Fitchett.

## A FORTUNATE FLORIDIAN.

The Good Luck of a Hotel Proprietor of Charlotte Harbor.

A reporter of the *Picayune* met yesterday Mr. Theodore J. Weaver, of Florida, who is proprietor of the Charlotte Harbor Summer Hotel, a popular resort on Hickory Bluff, near the mouth of the Peace river. It is not a great distance from Tampa, and is the terminus of the Florida Southern Railroad.

Mr. Weaver's visit to New Orleans is of a business character. One object he has in view is the purchase of a schooner or steam vessel suitable for use in Charlotte harbor in connection with his hotel. Another matter which he attended to, and which was entirely of an agreeable character, was the collection of \$5,000 from the Louisiana Lottery Company. This amount was due him by virtue of his holding one-tenth of the ticket numbered 66,344, which drew the second capital prize of \$50,000 in the drawing of March 16. The sum mentioned was paid to Mr. Weaver by check. He had invested \$10 in the March drawing and has realized very handsomely on his outlay.

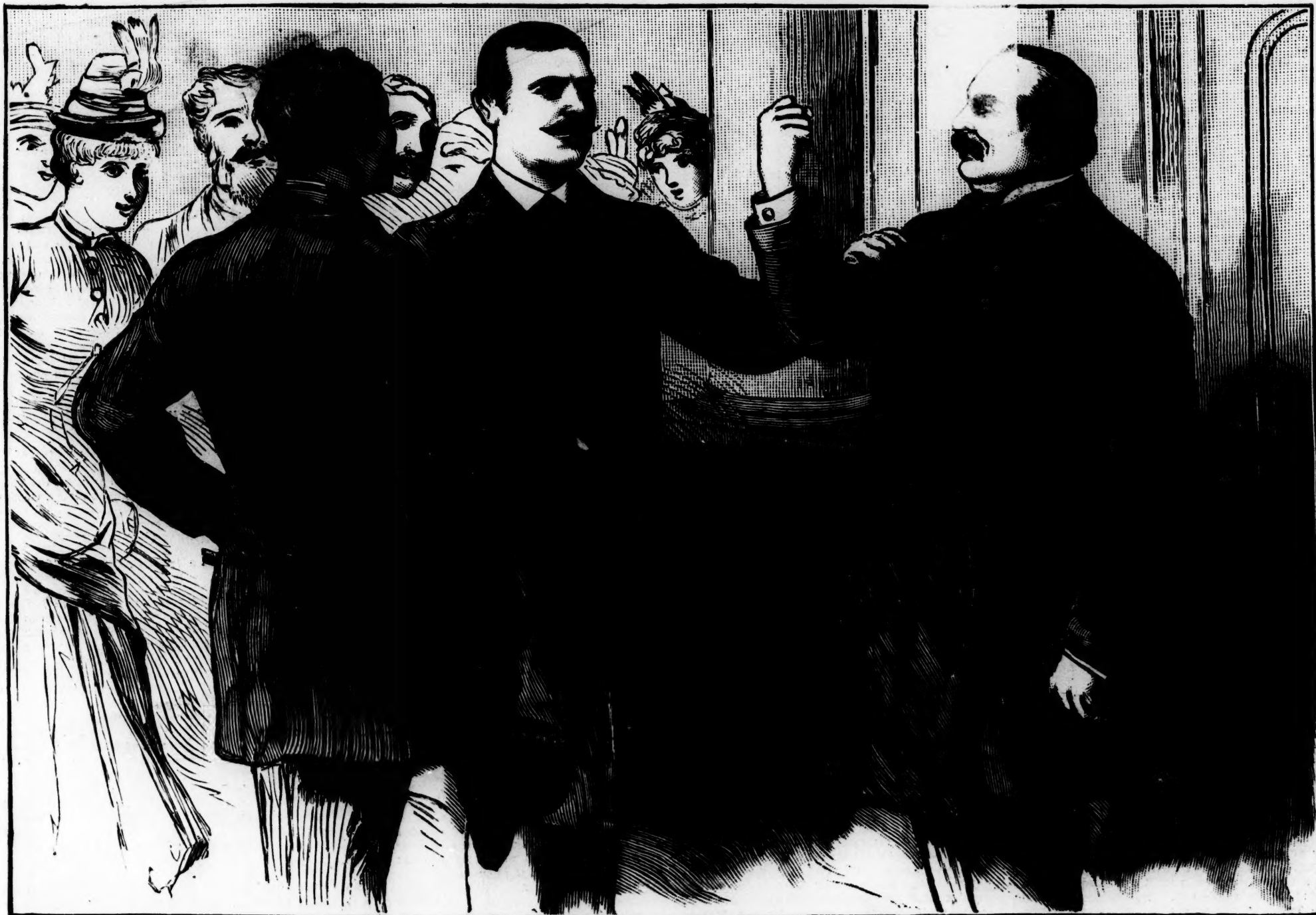
Mr. Weaver is evidently a person of excellent common sense, and did not appear at all excited over his good fortune. He stated that he had been taking chances in the Louisiana Lottery for some years past, and that this was not the first occasion upon which he had won. His previous winnings were, however, small prizes. He is a well-to-do, enterprising man, and will know how to expend his money to the best advantage.—*N. O. Picayune*, March 27.





THIRTEEN INCHES.

THE DISTANCE FROM THE GROUND OF THE SKIRTS WORN BY THE CHORISTERS AT A NEWARK AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.



SHAKING HANDS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND MEET EACH OTHER UNDER PAT SHEEDY'S AUSPICES AT THE WHITE HOUSE.





HUSBAND VS. DUDE.

ONE OF THE MANY FUNNY SPECTACLES CONSTANTLY ON PUBLIC VIEW ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



BUOYANT BOYTON.

HOW PAUL OF THAT ILK SWAM DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER THROUGH A LOT OF HUGE ICEBERGS.



BAD BOSTON COPPERS.

NOW THEY GOT ON A HOWLING DRUNK, ENTERED DWELLING HOUSES AND SMASHED THINGS GENERALLY.



BUSTING A PORTRAIT.

YOUNG MR. FOLEY DOESN'T LIKE A PORTRAIT OF HIS OLD FATHER AND THEREFORE SPOILS IT.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

**Cushing, the New Jersey light-weight champion** pugilist, is training for his mill with Jack Hopper for \$250 a side.

The trial of **Jimmy Mitchell and Paddy Smith** for engaging in a glove contest in Philadelphia will occur on April 19.

**Denny Kelleher of Quincy, Mass., and Mike Boden,** the Canuck, of Philadelphia, are to box ten rounds at Arlington Park, Long Island City, on April 18.

The **John L. Sullivan** combination showed at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on April 8, to a packed house. Joe Lannon and Steve Taylor both sparred with John L., and were continuously applauded.

**Tom Sweeney, the well-known pugilist, has been** laid up for the past three months. He has recovered again and gone into business at 150 Berry street, Brooklyn, E. D., known as Emmet's Hotel.

**John L. Sullivan arrived in Pittsburgh on April 10.** He met McAffrey in the lobby of the Central Hotel in the afternoon and shook hands. Both seemed pleased that a reconciliation had been effected.

**John P. Clow offers to fight any 165-pound man** on earth to a finish for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side, and challenges Jack Dempsey to fight him for either of the named sums. His backers are Omaha sporting men of means.

**Prof. Wm. Clark, the veteran boxer and well-known** sporting man, has opened the St. Louis Natatorium and Swimming School, corner Nineteenth and Pine streets, St. Louis. He intends to give a series of aquatic sports.

**Capt. J. C. Daly is matched to fight Mervine Thompson** for \$1,000, the match to take place in Cleveland, O., or New York State four weeks from date. Daly will leave Baltimore for New York in a few days to go into training.

**Luke Clark and Jacob Heins, known as feather** weights, fought near this city on April 10th, with kid gloves, for a purse of \$500, "Police Gazette" rules. At the end of the seventh round, in 29 minutes, Clark was done for, and Heins was awarded the purse.

**At Boothhouse recently, there was a four-round** glove contest between Ben Coults, weight 150 pounds, and S. Brockman, weight 165 pounds, for an elegant silver cup, and Brockman threw it up at the end of the second round, Coults having fought him to a standstill.

**That peripatetic pugilist, Paddy Ryan, again ap-** pears in a new role and is now said to be in San Francisco, where he is acting as manager of a variety theatre. Ryan's day has passed, and he would find it difficult to secure a backer who would put up more than \$500 on him.

**Pat Killen's pugilistic combination, numbering eight** people, started on a tour of Wisconsin towns on April 7. Six more slugs will be engaged and the combination will start for the Pacific coast on the 15th inst. Killen will offer a purse to any one who will stand before him four rounds.

**At Odd Fellows' Hall, Hoboken, N. J., on Satur-** day, April 16, there will be a grand athletic entertainment, consisting of boxing, wrestling, etc. The principal event will be a glove contest of 6 rounds between James Larkin, of New Jersey, ex-champion amateur, and Paddy Fitzgerald, of New York, who recently fought a desperate battle, which ended in a draw.

**Billy Madden, the sporting boniface of One Hundred** and First street and Third avenue, this city, writes that Jack McAuliffe had not been treated fairly in his match with Jimmy Carney by the manager of the affair. He states that he will match McAuliffe to fight any man in America at 135 pounds for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

**Paddy Smith, the hero of the fistie arena, who fought** a draw with Jimmy Mitchell, for \$1,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, will be tendered a benefit at the City Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening April 21. All the fistie knights of New York and Brooklyn, including Jack Dempsey, will appear, and Johnny Reagen and Smith will box six rounds.

**At Ashland, Wyoming Territory, on March 31, a** slashing fistie encounter was decided between Jack Wilson and Al Williams. The latter is better known as Beaver. Wilson weighs 190 pounds. Williams 180 pounds. Both men were in good condition and fought six rounds which ended in a draw. The match was for two horses a side. Wilson says he challenges any man in Wyoming or Montana.

The following explains itself:

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 30th, '87.  
RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR—Will you be kind enough to present this case to Tommy Danforth as a small token of my regards for a gentlemanly pugilist, whom I consider at the top of his class.

DENNY McAUFLIFFE.

Danforth received the case.

We have received the following from Paddy Ryan:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 31, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:  
DEAR SIR—You will oblige me very much by inserting the following in your next issue. I never have had, nor do I intend to have, any connection in any way with the "Bella Union Theatre" in this city.

Yours resp'y,  
PADDY RYAN, EX-CHAMPION.

The great wrestling match between **Evan Lewis** the Stranger and Joe Acton, the Little Demon, came off at Music Hall, Chicago, on April 11th, under the management of Parson Chase E. Davies. The conditions were catch-as-catch-can, best three in five falls, and three points down to constitute a fall. Acton won the first fall, and that, too, with such apparent ease it seemed as if he would defeat the "Stranger" in short order. The succeeding three falls, however, Lewis won almost before Acton could obtain any advantage.

**If Pat Killen's Duluth friends could only get him to** fight as he knows how, the big fellow from the Zenith city of the unsalted seas could within the next few months break Minneapolis and St. Paul. Killen is certainly a big and strong fellow, and is both clever and quick. He should be able to whip pretty much any man living. His managers would have no trouble in arranging matches with Kilrain, McCaffrey, Lannon, Burke, Nolan and others of that class. A meeting between Killen and any of these men would prove a drawing card, and would easily pack any hall.

The well known feather-weights, **Tommy Barnes** and Tommy Danforth, recently arranged a match to box for a purse of \$400. The party who offered the purse deposited \$100 with this office, agreeing to forfeit the same if he failed to put up the \$400, while Danforth and Barnes each posted \$50 which was to be forfeited to the donor of the purse if they failed to meet at the time and place named by Richard K. Fox. The match was in the meantime declared off, and on April 8, Danforth and Barnes received their money and the \$100 the donor of the purse had forfeited.

We have received the following communication, which explains itself:

PHILADELPHIA, April 7, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:  
I read an article in last week's POLICE GAZETTE in which Frank Dittman challenges any boy in America. I wish to state I will meet him within four weeks' notice, for the sum of \$300, with hard gloves. If he will post \$100 to bind a match it will be promptly covered. Yours,  
PAT MEANEY.

The following explains itself:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:  
In answer to F. Dittman's challenge, of St. Paul, would state that I am seventeen years of age, stand 5 feet 4 inches in height, and weigh 100 pounds. I will fight him for any amount of money. If he will forward a deposit to the POLICE GAZETTE I will cover it. I will fight him without gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, the fight to take place within 50 miles of New York. If this suits Mr. Dittman I would like to hear from him as soon as possible. I remain yours,  
YOUNG HOOVER.

All the talk about a fight between **Cardiff and Killen** has ended in smoke. Representatives of the two men met, but they could not agree upon a match. The principal bone of contention was the date. Killen's party wanted some specific date fixed, but Cardiff and his friends would not agree to name a certain time until after his meeting with Sullivan. In this respect he was quite right, for there is no telling what the result of that meeting will be. If, however, the reports current in Minneapolis at the time are true, Cardiff and his friends were not at all anxious for a fight. The first proposition was a fight for so much a side, but Cardiff's manager would risk no money on the result. He wanted the fight for a purse to be equally divided. Report also had it that Murnane, finding it impossible to have things go his way, even agreed to this, but would not consent to have the date of meeting left open. The whole matter stands in this position now, and it is questionable if anything further is done until after the Cardiff-Sullivan match.

**Billy Smith and Tommy Warren fought at Minne-** apolis on April 8. The men were introduced at half-past ten o'clock by Patsy Cardiff, who officiated as referee. The terms of the match were that Warren should best or stop Smith in six rounds for the entire receipts of the house. Smith proved to be a well built man of thirty years, who fairly matched Warren in height and weight. He is a moulder by trade, well developed and muscular, with a record of five fights and no defeats. Warren appeared to be in good condition, weighing 117 pounds. The first round was sufficient to demonstrate the question of superiority. Warren landed almost at will, and Smith's returns were light and ineffective. Warren secured nearly a dozen clean hits with his left on Smith's face and neck, and swung in several body blows with his right by the way of good measure. In the second round Warren went to the work in earnest, and used both left and right with telling effect. At the close of the round he planted a savage blow with his right on Smith's ribs and caught him on the neck with his left, knocking Smith down. Smith got to his feet in a groggy condition and was saved from a knock out only by the call of time. In the third round Warren ran over to Smith's corner and knocked him down. Smith got up only to receive an upper cut and a blow in the neck which sent him to the floor again. This time he lay there and had to be carried to his chair when time was called, it being fully five minutes before he could stand. The referee gave the fight to Warren. Four ounce gloves were used.

In response to Mitchell's taffy that an Englishman is sure to receive better play in America than an American in England. Macdon says Americans have always been treated badly over there. He cites the case of Molyneux, the Yankee sailor, who was beaten over the knuckles when he had Tom Cribb at his mercy, and his hand was so badly injured that Cribb was enabled to turn the tide and snatch a victory from what seemed the very jaws of defeat. That was the first international fight, and the best man was not permitted to win it. Molyneux naturally felt that he had been defrauded and wanted another chance at the championship. His friends were tempted to test English fair play once more, so after making a public appeal for him, in which it was hoped that his "being of a different color would not operate to his prejudice," a fresh match was made between him and Cribb for the championship. English cunning is fully equal to English pluck, and Molyneux was gammoned into making a sparring round when he ought to have been training. During all this time he was put against all the big, strong young fellows who could be induced to meet him, and he was a pretty free lusher, between punching with his fists and drinking punch between times, his hands never fully recovered from the terrible beating given them by the mob. In this condition he fell an easy victim to Cribb, who was trained for three months for this fight by the celebrated Captain Barclay in person on his estates in Scotland.

During the past two years **Jake Kilrain, Jim Keen-** an's (of Boston) pet boxer, has been eager to meet John L. Sullivan, the champion, in the orthodox 24-foot ring, but he has never had any opportunity of doing so, owing to various reasons. Kilrain has now decided to make an attempt to climb to the top of the pugilistic tree, his many victories, especially his three last trials with Herald, Jack Ashton and Joe Lannon, who was looked upon as the coming champion, have given him more confidence in his ability to shine as the champion. He knows that there is only one barrier in his way, and that is the pugilistic emperor, John L. Sullivan. Urged on by his many admirers in Boston, New York and his present abiding place, Baltimore, he has decided to shy his caster in the magic circle and meet Sullivan. Sporting men with plenty of funds have agreed to back him and look after his interest, if such a contest can be arranged, and he threw aside all obstacles and threw down the gauntlet in a business-like way, by issuing a challenge to fight the champion for \$2,500 a side. The offer of Kilrain is a fair and manly one, and taking the standpoint that a champion must meet all comers, Sullivan will have to give it his attention. Read Kilrain's offer:

BALTIMORE, Md., April 9, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:

SIR—At the solicitation of many admirers, who are eager to see me enter the prize ring and battle for the championship of America, a title now held by John L. Sullivan, you will please publish in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE that I have a backer ready to match me to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of America, according to any rules or the rules governing the trophy. Sullivan says it will be a pleasure to him to meet me in the ring for \$250 a side. I can find \$2,500 at five hours' notice to fight Mr. Sullivan to a finish, for I have notified Sullivan. Independent of the stakes, I will bet Sullivan \$1,000 that I can whip him in a fair stand up fight to a finish, with or without gloves, and if he refuses to battle without the gloves I will agree to kid or two-ounce gloves. At the time he was in this city he said he would fight me from \$100 to \$5,000, and if I could not get my friends to lose \$500 he would come to this city and knock me out for \$250. Now, all Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's backer, has got to do is to select his representative and specify a day that he will meet me or my representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to arrange the match for \$2,500 a side and the championship. I will agree to fight in four, six or eight weeks, either public or with fifteen men on each side. I mean business, and if Sullivan desires to remain champion he cannot ignore my offer. JAKE KILRAIN.

After Kilrain's sweeping offer was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor, telegraphed the following to Pat Sheedy, John L. Sullivan's manager, at Pittsburg, Pa.

PATRICK F. SHEEDY, Manager of the John L. Sullivan Combination, Pittsburg, Pa.

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, NEW YORK, April 11, 1887.  
To-day's mail from Baltimore brought an official challenge signed and sealed, from Jake Kilrain, which will appear in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, to fight Sullivan in a twenty-four foot ring with two-ounce gloves or no gloves, for \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the Championship of America, the battle to be fought within four or eight weeks from signing articles, to a finish according to London Prize Ring or "Police Gazette" rules. Kilrain agrees to meet Sullivan, yourself, or representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day you may name to sign articles. Kilrain means business and we are informed he has backers ready to put up the stakes. Will you telegraph at once the Champion's intentions, and reply, and oblige.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Per W. E. Harding.

Kilrain has met all the best boxers in America. His drawn battle with Charley Mitchell, his defeat of Jack Ashton, and his overwhelming defeat of Joe Lannon places him, in our opinion, a worthy representative to meet Sullivan, and if the champion desires to arrange a match there is not the least doubt but that the fistie chronology of 1887 will contain a record of the battle. The sporting public in this city, Boston and Baltimore have great confidence in Kilrain's fistie ability, and they intended, if Smith, the English champion, had arrived here, to have matched him right off the reel to meet Smith. Kilrain was anxiously awaiting his arrival, and now there is no prospect of the Englishman invading America he intends to climb to the top of the pugilistic ladder or be knocked off one of the rungs. Kilrain's battle with Joe Lannon proved beyond all dispute that he is well worthy to contend for the pugilistic premiership, and now that he has staunch backers, we cannot see how Sullivan can refuse to meet him as Kilrain's terms are fair. He offers to risk \$2,500 on the issue. He agrees to battle with or without gloves, either in public or private, according to any rules except that there must be no stipulations to the number of rounds to be fought. Sullivan has never been defeated. He believes he can stop, conquer or knock out all the boxers in both hemispheres in a week, and with this idea he should not for a moment hesitate to meet Kilrain, for the latter's money is ready and he is willing to fight for the championship and the winner will receive the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which is the only prize ring champion emblem. As Kilrain's offer is an earnest one, the sporting community will insist on Sullivan meeting Kilrain or refusing to do so.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to RICHARD K. FOX,

"Police Gazette" Publishing House,  
Franklin Square, New York.

**Goliath is the Derby favorite.**  
Sir Joseph gallops his mile every day in about 1:48. Exile is supposed to be the trick for the Brooklyn handicap.

**Richard K. Fox is going to offer a trophy to represent** the cross country championship.

**Barnum will run well in the Suburban, and may gain** a place. Woodford has backed him.

**Greek George is open to wrestle any man in the world.** Joe Acton, Evan Lewis, Carman or Ross.

**Lucky Baldwin offers to wager \$5,000 to \$2,500 that** he will win the Kentucky Derby this year.

**Hard Times, Carey and Hinda, of Ed. Corrigan's** string, may be up on the head at Louisville.

**Luke Alexander, the gray colt, at the Memphis track** considered by some a possibility for the Kentucky Derby.

**If the American Association umpires do their work** as well as Cuthbert, they will give very general satisfaction.

**Charlie Sweeney, of the Cleveland, will be the only** California player with the American Association this season.

**Banburg for the Kentucky Derby has many warm** supporters who have backed him at the odds of 30 to 1 at Memphis.

**Frank Ward will not start in the Suburban, but he** will gallop home first in many a race before the great event takes place.

**The difference between the beaten baseball club and** poison is that the latter is strychnine and the former is stricken nine.

**Ed Corrigan's horses are being carefully prepared.** His trainer apparently is not rushing them, and in this he shows his good horse sense.

**John Morrissey's stable is fast getting into form.** Kaloolah, Montana Regent, Banburg and Pure Rye are taking their work well, and all have been sent their mile in 1:49 and under.

**Daniel O'Leary is to manage a six-day go-as-you-** please race in Omaha, Neb., April 25 to 30, and the man that covers the most miles, if a new man, will be taken to England to race Littlewood. This will be the first race ever got up in Omaha, and promises to be a success. The receipts will be divided as follows: Forty to the first, 25 to the second, 15 to the third, 12 to the fourth and 8 to the fifth, the race to take place in the Exposition building, 10 laps to the mile.

The feat of catching a cannon ball fired from a cannon is a performance hazardous and difficult, and it is doubtful if any one can accomplish the feat in the same manner in which Prof. C. P. Blatt did on the roof of the POLICE GAZETTE building on April 9. Many have caught a cannon ball propelled from a cannon by a spring, but the spring in Blatt's case was half a pound of genuine gun powder. The cannon ball was 5½ inches in diameter and weighed 25 pounds.

The "Northwestern Sportsman" of St. Paul says: "A wrestling tournament for the Richard K. Fox trophy and the championship of America occurs in Baltimore early this month. The entries are: Duncan C. Ross, of Cleveland; Dennis Gallagher, of Buffalo; H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro; Mervine Thompson, Cleveland; Matsada Sorakichi, the "Police Gazette" champion; Greek George, of Peoria; Capt. James C. Daly, the Irish champion, and Arthur J. O'Donnell, the Arkansas wrestler. W. E. Harding, the sporting editor of the Police Gazette, will fill the position of referee."

**Jimmy Collins, of Port Richmond, Pa., writes:** "I will fight any feather-weight in the world at 114 pounds. I have been after the great Tommy Warren both times that he has been in Philadelphia, and done all in my power to have a go with him, but he would not have it, his only excuse being that I was too heavy for him. Now, to show that I am not too big, I weigh 119 pounds, with shoes, pants and shirt, at present, and if I don't get there at the weight I will lose the money. I will fight Warren for fun or money, at 114 or 116 pounds. I am a pupil of Mike Donovan of New York."

The following explains itself:

DALY END, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR—For the third week I have the pleasure in sending you a copy of the Sporting Life Tissue, a new sporting paper for Birmingham and the districts, which I trust you have received safely, and as your POLICE GAZETTE is eagerly sought after in England, I beg, and remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,

TOMAS RUSSELL, Editor.

The Sporting Life Tissue is just the paper the followers of the classic English turf races were in need of.

**Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, writes that he is ready** to meet Johnny Murphy. He says: "Sporting men of Boston are thinking of putting me up against Jack McAuliffe to fight to a finish, but I want to fight Murphy anyway, and although I shall be obliged to ignore his challenge for the present, I and my backers will be perfectly willing to come to an understanding with him and make a match immediately after the fight with Willie Clark is over. As for me, I would much prefer to fight him now, the sooner the better, but by what you will print of what I say he will see that I am not quite at liberty to do so now, but will have to wait for three weeks at least before I can accept it. I feel highly honored by receiving a challenge from him, as I know he means business, as the amount of his forfeit money deposit will show. People do not risk so much for the sake of a bluff or advertising, and I hope that he will wait for a little while until I am at liberty to make the match."

**At Boston, on April 6, there was a slashing glove** contest between Ed. Bronson, who was formerly comparatively well known in Canada, and James Morgan, of Boston. The match was to be a six-round contest, revised Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$150. The men entered the ring and took their corners, both appearing to be in excellent condition, and the prospects were that there would be a good mill. When time was called the men stepped to the centre and put up their hands. Then they commenced to walk around each other, as though they were on pivots, each seemed to be afraid of the other, and the consequence was that the round was very light. In the second round Morgan had a little the best of the fighting, as he managed to land a few light blows on Bronson's neck and ribs. This was ended up in the third round, when Bronson had slightly the best of the fighting. The fourth round was a stand-off, as was also the fifth. In the sixth round Morgan forced the fighting and had much the best of the round; but, as neither of the men had been hurt at all, the referee decided that another round should be fought. Then a portion of the audience commenced to kick, and demanded that as the men had been matched to fight six rounds, and they were fighting under Queensberry rules, that the referee render his decision at once. This he did, declaring Morgan the winner.

**Recently the Model Skating Rink at Kearney, Neb.,** was packed to witness glove contests between different members of the Kearney Hook and Ladder Company, the wind-up to be between Jack Tarry, the trainer of the company, and Prof. James Austin, a teacher of the manly art at Grand Island, Neb. The entertainment began with 4 1/2-minute rounds between Fred Hinz and Fred Tuttle,

and they had a very pleasant time, which Hinz will remember all his optic regains its natural color. The next on the programme were Will Black and Tom Kinney. These young men weighed about 170 pounds each. Everything that was expected of them was fully realized. They exhibited considerable science and brought the claret from each other's noses in good shape. The event of the evening was the contest between Tarry and Austin. Austin is amateur State champion, and Tarry has figured with good men in Illinois. Six rounds of 3 minutes each were advertised, but through the blundering of the timekeeper only 5 rounds were fought, to the intense delight of the man from Grand Island, who, after fouling Tarry when he slipped and fell, by striking him several times, could not be induced to come out for another round. The audience was dissatisfied and loudly called for another round, which was right, but a yoke of oxen could not have dragged him out. If another round had been fought Tarry would in all probability have knocked his man out for his ungentlemanly actions in the previous round. There is a possibility of them coming together again shortly, in which event lively work may be expected.

A dispatch was received at the "Police Gazette" office from Chicago yesterday (April 9) that Frank Glover, who fought Paddy Ryan, and John P. Clow are to be matched to fight for \$2,500 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, which means to a finish. If the match is made between Glover and the Omaha wonder it will be one of the fiercest prize fights that ever took place in the Western country. With the exception of John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey and Jake Kilrain, 6-foot John Pollock, Clow has the most successful ring record of any active pugilist now before the public. He has fought thirty-eight battles and never came out of one of them a whipped man. He first showed his effectiveness as a hitter one Sunday in 1881, when he knocked out a loafer who had insulted his girl. From this moment his career with the bare knus and pillows has been something phenomenal. All of Clow's battles have been fought according to rules. Within the past four years he has bested Willis H. Cuth, Tom Brennan, Harry Pearson, George A. Morrison, Charlie Lange, George A. Morrison (second time), Alex Sheador, Charlie Dore, Tom O'Leary, Con Morris, Harry Bennie, Harry P. Hyande, Ed Smith, Bert Ellis, Tom Davis, Mike Fitzgerald, John Murphy, Dave Campbell, Sam Deuel, Joe Collins and Haghey Sexton, and fought draws with Jack Burke, Dominick McCaffrey, Jack Davis, Capt. Dalton, Jim Fell and Duncan McDonald.

**Richard K. Fox received the following challenge** from New Orleans yesterday from Vital Leballey, who claims to be the champion fencer:

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 6, 1887.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

Sir—Since I came to the United States, which is over two years ago, I have crossed foils with the best fencers of the country. I have been defeated by none; and in an "assaut" with the justly-famed Mr. Casella, the most expert fencer of Italy, perhaps, I have had the advantage over him, to the unanimous verdict of those present, while Mr. Regis Senac, according to the reports, was defeated by him in a fencing match. In consequence, I hereby offer these gentlemen, Messrs. Senac and Truchet, to meet both, or either of them, in a friendly "assaut," and thus decide which of us entitled to the championship. I will stake \$100 on the issue, which sum will go to the winner; and to show these gentlemen the pleasure I have in meeting them, I will in hand, I consent to go to New York for the purpose, if they so decide. I hope that my proposition and challenge will be accepted. VITAL LEBALLEY.

Brevetee de l'Ecole d'Escrime Militaire de Joinville Ex Maitre d'Armes to the Eighty-second Regiment of Infantry, and now Fencing Professor in New Orleans.

**At Port Costa, Cal., on April 3, a desperate prize** fight was fought with skin gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$200 a side, between Mike Brennan, the Port Costa giant, and Jack McAuliffe, the hero of many a hard-fought battle. A tremendous crowd journeyed to witness the mill. No delay occurred in erecting a ring and tickets were \$5 each. As the men sat in their corners it was plain to be seen that Brennan had the advantage in weight. He looked to be in the pink of condition, and of his 170 pounds there did not seem to be an ounce of superfluous flesh. He seemed to be the very bean ideal of a slugger: deep chested and broad shouldered, and with the small well sunk eyes and square lower jaw, which tells of determination and ability to bear with severe punishment. McAuliffe only weighed 150 pounds, but he wore a confident, quite-at-home look. He wore black tight, tan shoes and a blue sash, while Brennan appeared in white drawers, black stockings, tan slippers and a blue and white sash. Brennan's seconds were Tom Barry and Jack Gagus; McAuliffe's, J. Murray and Charlie Carr. While the men were cooling themselves in their corners the manager totted up the receipts, and announced that only \$150 had been taken at the doors. He magnanimously proposed to increase the sum to \$170 from his own pocket, and asked the pugilists if they were content to fight for that amount. After a little demur they consented to do so. It might be remarked in passing that the number of persons who were admitted after the fight commenced, it is safe to assume that the manager did not suffer any pecuniary loss. The choice of a referee fell on J. Ferguson, while Jim Carr and W. Stapleton acted as timekeepers for McAuliffe and Brennan respectively. As the watchholder rang out to the men to get ready several bets were made, and as the men advanced at the call of time two or three cries of "Twenty dollars on Brennan," went unheeded. Seventeen rounds were fought, and each man maintained the tactics he commenced with right through the contest. Very few clean long-range blows were delivered in the first part of the fight, and they were mostly in favor of McAuliffe. The men clinched one another very often and they punned one another as if they were fighting under London prize ring rules. Almost in every clinch that occurred, Brennan managed to get his opponent's head in chancery, and it was only the warning shouts of the spectators that prevented him from making good use of his time under the circumstances. This apparent desire on his part, however, to upbraid McAuliffe was due probably less to a desire to take any unfair advantage than to the spirit of combat with which he seemed thoroughly imbued. It was palpable from the start that the sympathies of the on-lookers were with McAuliffe, and numerous transgressions on his part passed unnoticed, while Brennan was continually assailed with cries of "foul!" The battle ended in a general wrangle, the crowd breaking into the inclosure, and the referee declared the fight a draw.

**Garden, Mich., claims to have the champion** all-around athlete and pugilist light-weight of the M. P. in the person of A. K. Ronio, aged twenty years, fighting weight 135 pounds. Mr. Ronio went into the ring at the early age of thirteen years. His record is phenomenal. His first match was with Shon Paddy, weight 135 pounds, at Nashua, N. H., in Mar. 1879, best 2 in 3. Gracco Roman wrestle, for \$25 a side and gate money. He got over with Paddy too quick, and broke his right leg in the bargain. His record since then is as follows: Best Pat O'Neill, same year, weight 155 pounds, best 3 in 5, for a benefit. Then tackled Mike Farran, of New Hampshire, catch-as-catch-can; three draws; time, 45 minutes, 2 hours and 24 hours. Best J. S. Jacobs, of Vermont, in 1880, at Nashua, N. H., bare hand fight to a finish, \$50 a side and gate money; knocked Jacobs out in 20 minutes. In 1881, at Chicago, best Fritz Eckhart, light-weight champion, in 3 rounds. Same year he got away with Free Nault of St. Louis, heavy weight, catch-as-catch-can, \$100 a side. Gave Ben S. Mowit, same year, the three first falls and took same money as Chicago. In 1882, at Chicago, boxed C. H. Connelly 6 rounds for points, and Mr. Connelly got a bell full in third round. Best Johnny Butler at Rockford, Ill., with soft gloves, \$25 a side. Knocked Cabbage Ryan out at Laporte, Ind., in 1883, in three rounds, \$50 a side, hard gloves, to a finish. James Connelly, middle-weight, at Chicago, same year, hard gloves, to a finish, 4 rounds. Mike Cokely in 1884, Chicago, \$50 a side and gate money, hard gloves. Pat McHugh, Marinette, Wis., in 1886; Pat stripped at 200 pounds, but got satisfied in the fourth round. Tackled Prof. Frank Lewis at Minneapolis, same year, hard gloves to a finish; Lew weighed 180 pounds and the fight was declared a draw after the fourth round, after Lewis fouled him four times his friend interfered and stopped the fight. Fought James Eagen at Bismar, Mich., in 1887; Eagen was knocked out in 7 seconds. Fought Pete Leclair at Garden, Mich., in 1886, \$150 a side and gate money; the third round satisfied Leclair; hard gloves. Ronio is now matched to fight Wm. McLane, of Seney, at Garden, Mich., April 12, for \$500 a side and gate money, at which time lovers of the manly art may expect to see fun, as McLane has a good record. When we consider that Ronio is as yet only a boy, and has never stripped at over 135 pounds, his success is something remarkable. We send portrait herewith, and will keep the GAZETTE posted as to sporting matters in this vicinity in the future.

F. S.—His business manager and backer is Robt. A. McDonald, Garden, Mich.



**It is said that Billy Gilmore's owners feel so sanguine about his success in the Suburban, with only 100 pounds romp in with, that they are said to have backed him to win \$54,000. The horse is in training in Nashville, and will probably start in the spring races. He will then be shipped to Sheepshead Bay. When in good condition he could keep near the best in the West.**

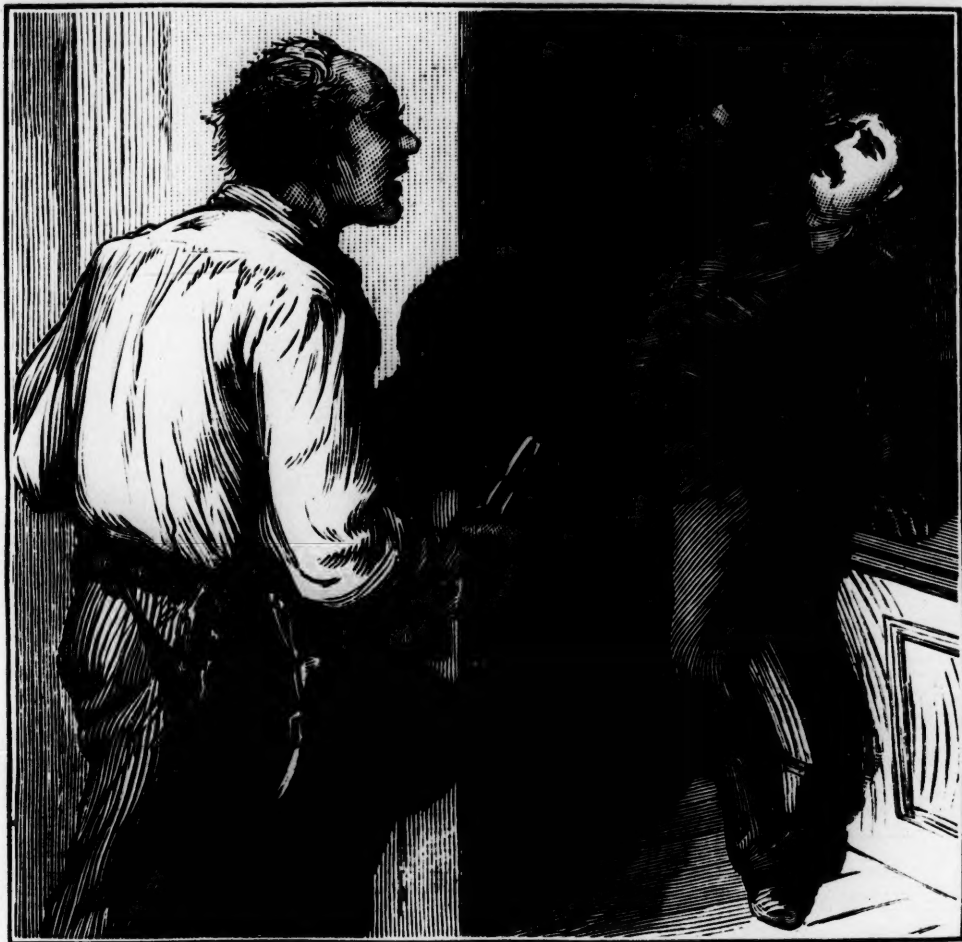
Sevad, the little Frenchman and pitcher of the Cincinnati's, is the latest to condemn the new rules. And still he lives.

Figure 2—Right quarters: 27; left quarters, 21; drivers, 3; incorners, 9; towlers, 2; use of second barrel, 41 times; greatest break, 27. Brewer—Right quarters, 39; left quarters, 2; drivers 30; incorners, 8; use of second barrel, 43 times; greatest break, 25; fell dead out of bounds, 1. Graham used a 12-bore gun, weight 7 pounds, 13 ounces; cartridges,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  drachms of powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounce shot. Brewer shot a 12-bore gun, weight,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds; cartridges,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  drachms of powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounce shot.

Referee—Fred Quinlan, of Newark, N. J. Time of shoot—hours and forty minutes.

holding it there 1 minute, at Stickney Gymnasium, Portsmouth  
N. H., Sept. 1, 1906.





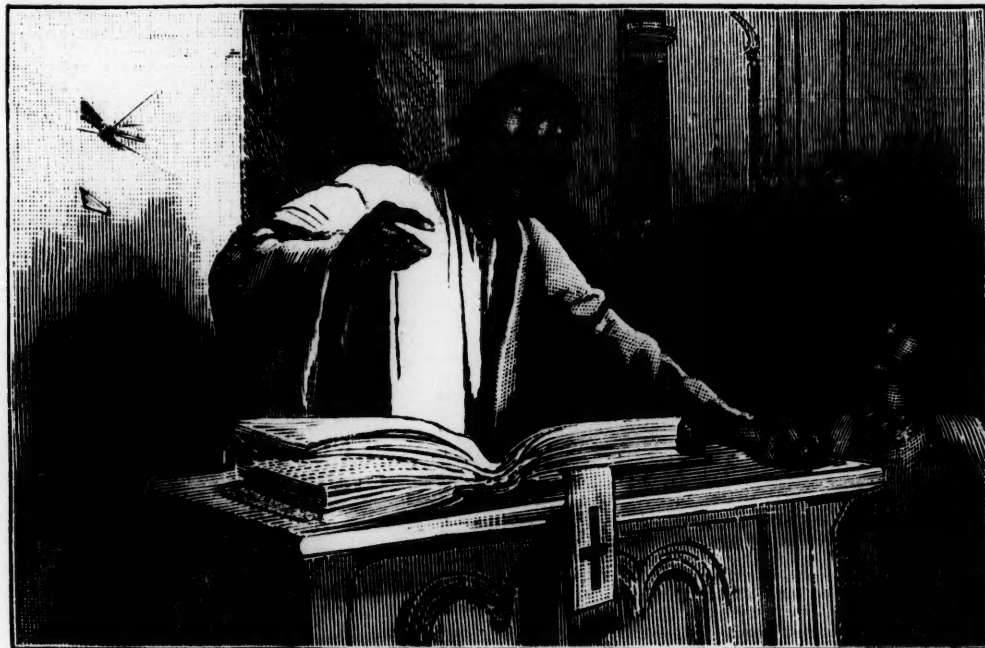
HE PREFERRED DEATH.

A. L. BOWSER, RATHER THAN BE ARRESTED FOR BURGLARY, BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT WITH A REVOLVER.



HE WANTED TO THRASH THE JUDGE.

WILLIAM HENRY, ALIAS CUNNINGHAM, MAKES A BOLD ATTEMPT TO BREAK UP A BROOKLYN, N. Y., COURT.



SHOT AT IN THE PULPIT.

COLORADO BROTHER L. LOWRY IS TREATED TO A NOVEL SENSATION IN CHURCH AT ALLEGHANY, PA.



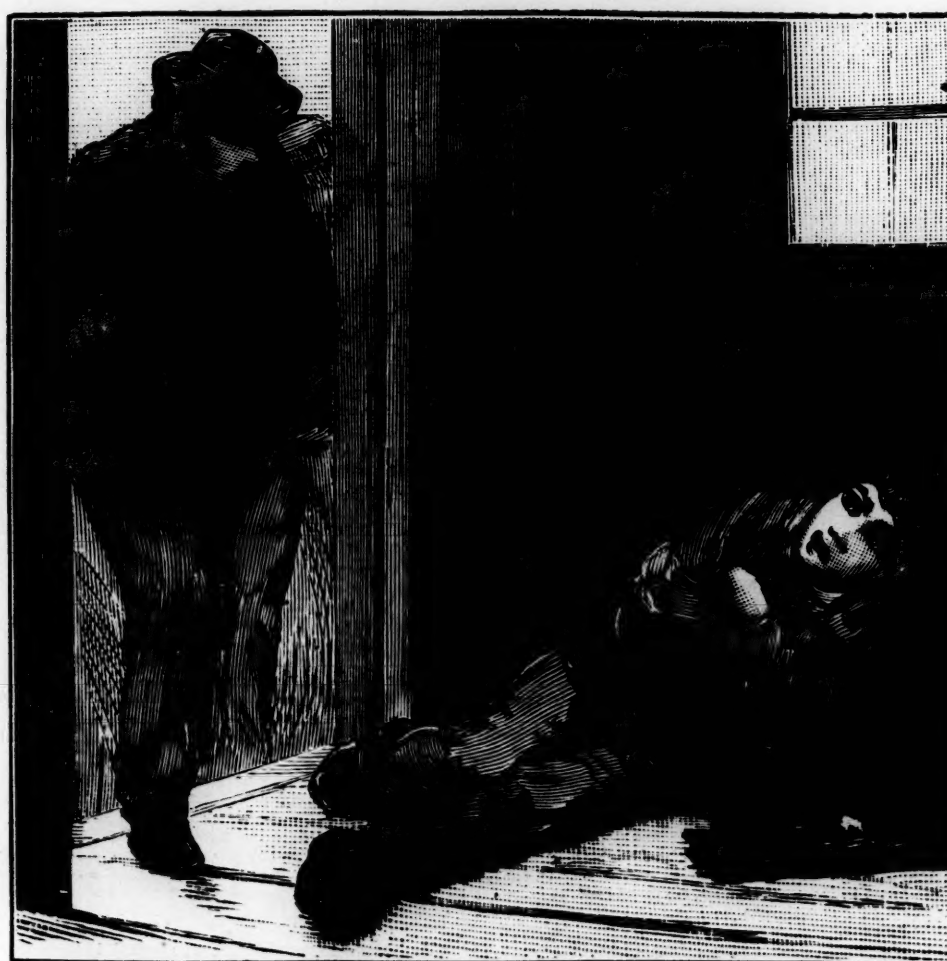
GALLANT MAURICE GRAU.

HOW SARAH BERNHARDT'S MANAGER BRIDGED TWO FEET OF SNOW FOR HER AT BOSTON.



WAS IT HYDROPHOBIA?

HERMAN SCHULTZLER OF CHICAGO DIES IN HORRIBLE AGONY IN THE INSANE DEPARTMENT OF THE COUNTY COURT.



TURNED OUT TO STARVE.

JACOB MATTHEWS OF RUFFLE BAR, ROCKAWAY, L. I., ABANDONS HIS YOUNG SON TO A LINGERING DEATH.





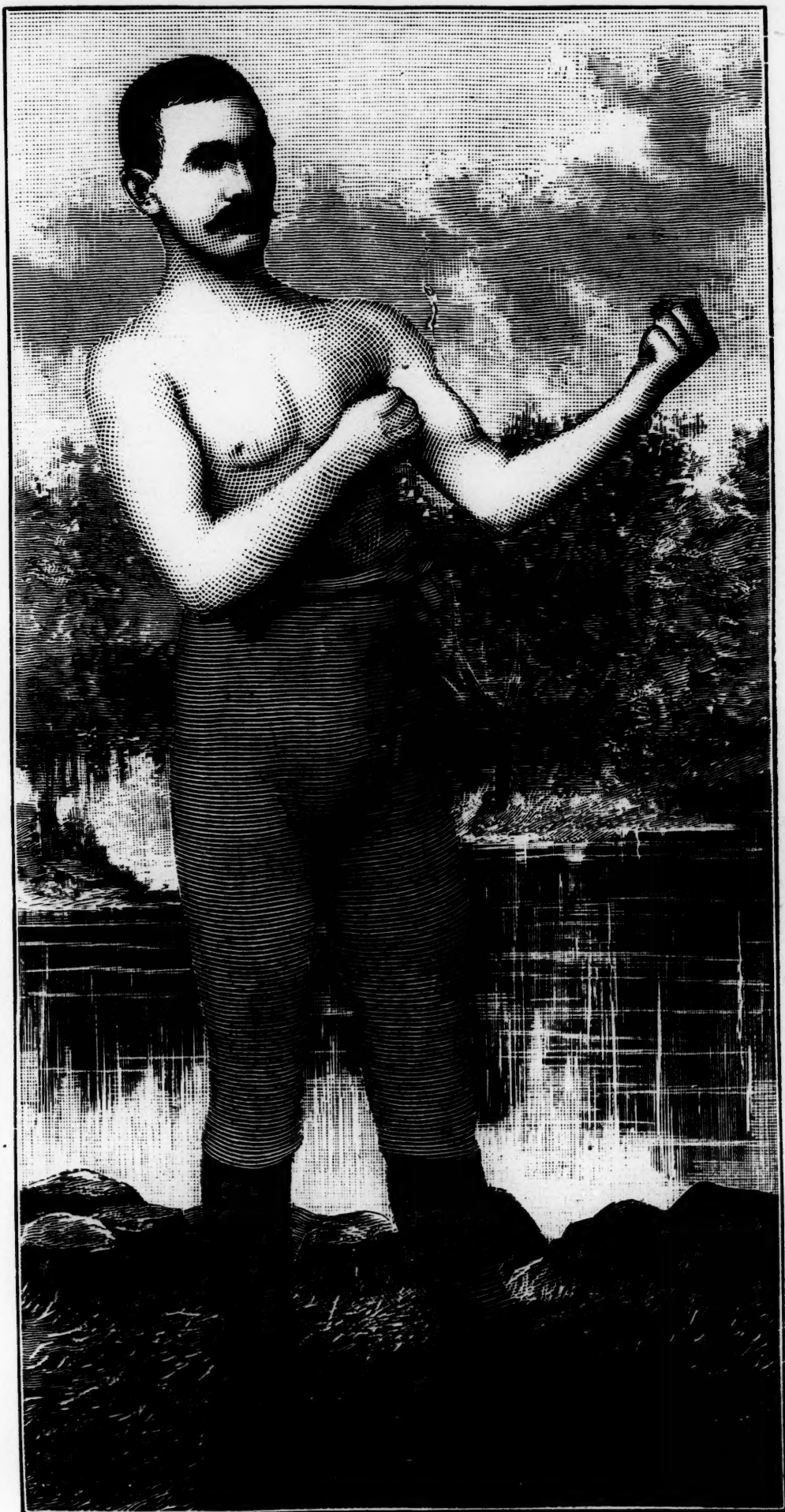
FRANK QUINN,

THE CLEVER YOUNG WRESTLER OF NEW HAVEN, CT.



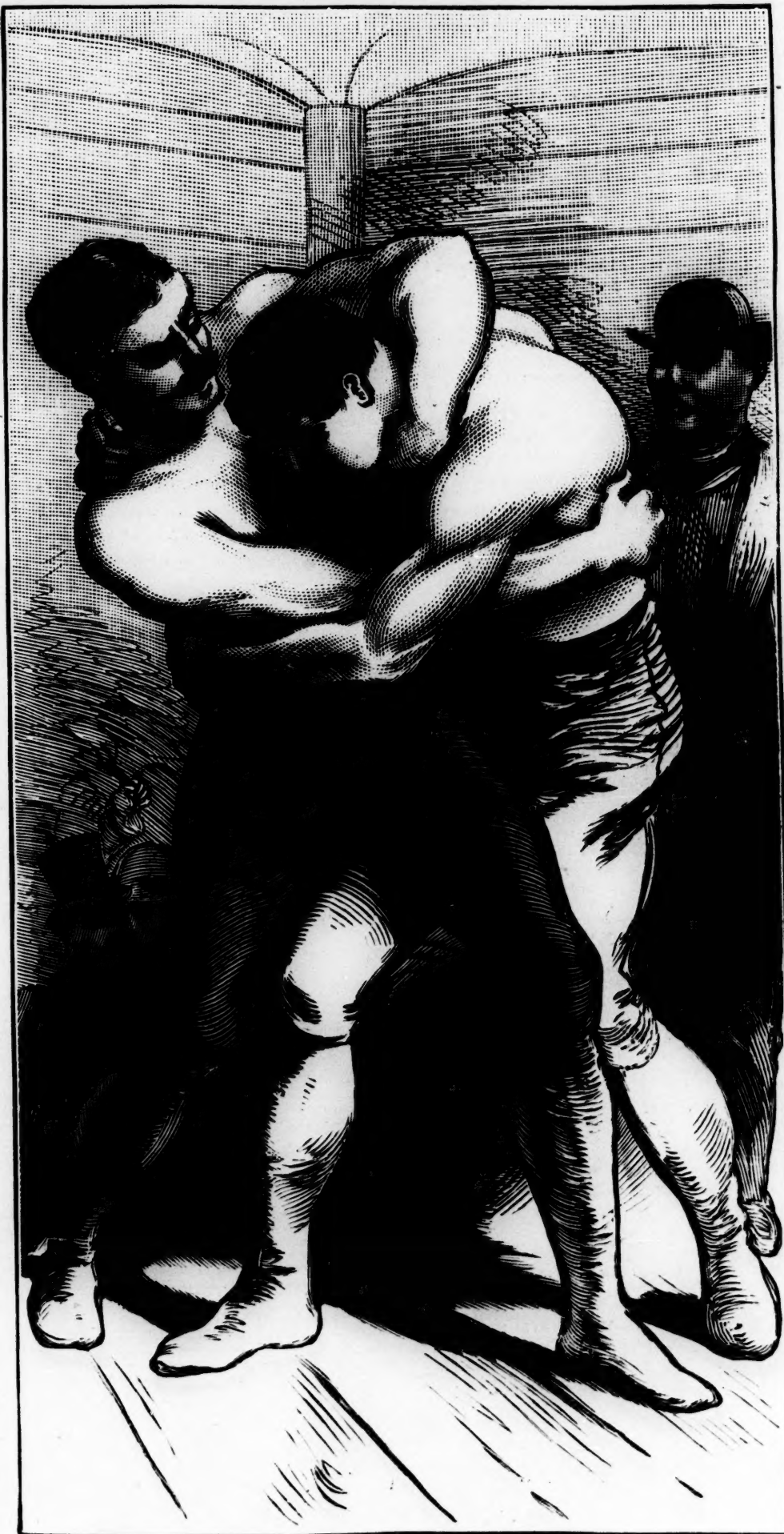
TWO OF A KIND.

THE WELL-KNOWN PERRY BROTHERS, THEATRICAL PROPRIETORS OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.



JIMMY COLLINS,

THE GENUINE FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF PORT RICHMOND WHO IS OUT WITH A SWEEPING CHALLENGE.



A GREAT MATCH.

THE WRESTLING CONTEST BETWEEN OFFICER DENNIS GALLAGHER OF BUFFALO AND BOUNDSMAN JAMES QUIGLEY OF NEW YORK.



## A HORSE-STEALING SENSATION.

A special dispatch from Laredo, Texas, April 8, says: Quite a sensation has been caused by the arrest in this city yesterday of James Lawrence, a rich and influential stock man of Zapata county, who owns a mammoth pasture there. It seems that Lawrence was interested in the shipment of the 1,400 horses recently seized at San Antonio for violation of United States revenue laws, and subsequently released by order of Secretary Fairchild on payment of the duties. Some time ago a ranchman named Hilario Leal missed some sixteen mares from his range, and on searching for them discovered that they were in the pasture of Lawrence. Lawrence, it is said, claimed that they were crossed from Mexico; but as he had, or could show, no bill of sale, he was arrested for stealing horses and placed under \$1,000 bond to answer the charge, and his preliminary examination will come off before the court in this city next Monday. It is hinted that the developments in this case may give the officers a clew as to the manner in which a considerable amount of horse stock, aggregating thousands of dollars has suddenly disappeared, never to be discovered again. Ranchmen who have lost stock are anxiously awaiting developments, and United States revenue officers are on the qui vive to catch a clew to the manner in which so much horse stock is shipped from points north of here, this side of San Antonio, which points are clear out of the horse-growing regions. It is said that heavy shipments are continually made from Pearsall and other points up there.

## A POLICEMAN LOCKED UP.

Our New Haven, Conn., correspondent writes, April 7: A most peculiar incident occurred this evening at Central Police Headquarters, that of the incarceration of a well-known and much-esteemed police officer in the lock up with the common drunkards. Officer George Gangel reported for duty as usual this evening, and acted rather queerly while in the patrolmen's quarters. He complained of feeling unwell to a brother officer.

Chief of Police Bollman, recently appointed, came in and noticed Gangel's queer actions. Without inquiring as to the cause, he at once summoned Sergeant McBride and told him to arrest Gangel. He was taken in custody after a desperate resistance, just before he was leaving the building and after being clubbed into submission, was searched and disarmed and forced behind the bars. The arrest took place in the presence of the President of the Board of Police Commissioners, Franklin P. Hart, who sanctioned it.

When the affair leaked out there was a great stir in German political circles, as Gangel had many friends. Gangel is a prominent member of several societies, who threaten to have Bollman put off the force at the next meeting of the board. Bollman was only a figure head, and Hart really had charge of the force. The Germans control the board. Gangel, it is understood, was perfectly sober, but became suddenly ill. He begged to be released on bail, but it was refused, and he remained in his disgraceful quarters all night.

DON'T GIVE IT AWAY—Slick Watch Charm, 10 cents. A. P. MARSH, 58 Lake St., Chicago.

## A CRIMINAL'S REMARKABLE TESTIMONY.

From Nashville, Tenn., a special dated April 8 says: Some startling developments were made to-day during the trial at Carthage of W. H. Gigger, who shot and killed Capt. James Higgins for an alleged insult to his wife. Gigger, under the new law, was allowed to testify in his own behalf. The plea of insanity had been entered, and the cross-examination of the defendant was awaited with much interest.

He stated that his real name is W. M. Driggers, and that he has three living wives from whom he had not been divorced. The first, Annie Stripping, of Reidsville, Ga., he married at the age of 22, and deserted five months afterwards. The second, Miss Payne of Augusta, Ga., he wedded a few years later and left two weeks after the ceremony had been performed. Changing his name, Driggers subsequently removed to Smith county, where he wedded Mrs. Samuel Allison after a courtship that lasted only three days. During the relation of his remarkable story Driggers walked up and down the court room, alternately crouching and extending himself to his full height, pointing to heaven and clutching his hair. He killed Captain Higgins while the latter was passing along the street, and while he, Driggers, was stationed in a room at a hotel. Upon the body of his victim was found a letter written by Driggers addressed to Higgins, asking that the trouble between them might be amicably settled.

## THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "Police Gazette" rules which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be squarely fought to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to Richard K. Fox, Police Gazette Publishing House, Franklin Square New York.

## RAT POISON IN THE VICTUALS.

A negro girl employed as servant by Dr. J. Hunter, a physician of Laurens county, S. C., attempted to kill the doctor and his family by putting rat poison in their dinner. All who partook of the poisoned food became violently ill, but are now out of danger. The girl fled, but was captured in Spartanburg and brought back to Laurens and placed in jail. She confessed, saying she was tired of being bound out and wanted to kill the entire family.

STERLING, Ill., March 22, 1886.

DEAR SIRS—You will please send me a quart bottle of Riker's Extract, which I have used, and for the balance of the amount, Dandelion Pills. The pills and Sarsaparilla sent me some months ago have proved an excellent remedy for chronic constipation.

Yours truly, J. S. STAGER.

## TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission on and after April 1, will be reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after that date.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher Police Gazette, New York.

## ONE BOTTLE

OF RIKER'S EXPECTORANT will POSITIVELY cure any ordinary Cough or Cold. Try it, and if you are not entirely satisfied they will refund its price. Prepared ONLY by WM. B. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 333 Sixth Avenue, corner Twenty-second Street, where they have been established 40 years. For bottle (half pint), 50 cents. All their own preparations sold on same conditions.

## CURE FOR THE DRAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUM PERFECTLY RESTORES THE HEARING and performs the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. HICKOX, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

## RIKER'S TOILET EXTRACTS

Are FULLY EQUAL to most of the SO-CALLED Triple Extracts and FAR SUPERIOR to ANY TOILET WATER. Elegant half pint glass-stoppered bottles, 75c.; plain bottles, 50c. RIKER'S, 333 Sixth Avenue.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written in lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless for remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

## BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Art is of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Gulliver's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenge. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Faro Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mobile Unmasked or the Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Infamy an Excuse for Murder. Suicide's Cranks, or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

THE AMERICAN ATHLETE, A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring, Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of John C. Heenan, with all his Ba-les.

Tug Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England.

Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman.

Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Conventions.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 50 " " Copy for advertisement must be in Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide. ALL ADVERTISING MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE. No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts. No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display. During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

## CARDS.

12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door," "The Tickler," "The Nuptial Night," "The Adventures of a Newly Married Couple," "Sparkling in the Dark," "The Bashful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night," "How to Do It," and five others equally racy 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (53) Genuine Transparent Cards; with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents. Full Mail Gazette Exposure, in book form; just published, 32 pages spiky reading, 15 cents. Gents! For your girls; 6 curious teasing love letters; read two different ways, 10 cents. Complete sample of all the above for a \$1 bill. GENERAL SUPPLY AGENT, 33 So. William St., N. Y.

She Got there, 10c.; The Wedding Night, 10c.; More Than He Could Stand, 10c.; Next Day, 10c.; Romance of a Model, with Photo, 15c.; The lot, 50c. PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 119, Philadelphia, Pa.

Deaf, debility, consumption. Thousands of cases cured by our Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer, 238 Bowery, N. Y., can furnish portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlan, John Teemer, Jim Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

Female Form Divine. Full View Cabinet Photos of Females; genuine article. Man and woman (together) FREE. In the set of 8, all different; SEALED for \$1.00; sample 25c. Send \$1 bill or 2c. stamps. MORRISON & CO., 163 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

NOT IN TIGHTS, FEMALES. Cab e Photos from life. Cut this out and send with \$1 bill in common letter for set of 5, and 1 man and woman (together) natural as life. Everything Sealed. Park City ART Co., Chicago, Ill.

Get the set of four pretty French girls, highly colored and in interesting positions, 15c. Sample set of six pictures in color; 15 genuine French subjects, 15c.; 2 sets, 25c.; 3 sets, 40c.; 22, 50c. Every picture different. ART AGENT, 18 Liberty St., New York.

Buy "THE SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION" for 1887. All the fast running and trotting records. Sent by mail on receipt of 25c. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Sq., N. Y.

4 Photos of Mormon Beauties, the latest out, 4 regular stuns. Full view of nature. Inclose a one-dollar bill in letter for the full set, carefully sealed in plain envelope. Address: P. J. KUCIK, Chicago, Ill.

Health, Energy and Vigor restored by our famous Nervous Debility Pills \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

PRIVATE Bed-room Photos, beat old timers; 8 all different, sealed, \$1. Address, Western Art House, Chicago.

12 PHOTOS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, FULL VIEW! Very spiky; for gents only; by mail, 50c. Sample, 10c.; 4 for 25c. Box 19, 34 Church St., N. Y.

36 PHOTOS Cabinet, ladies, Yum Yums, Not in Tights. By mail, 25c. STAR NOVELTY CO., Box 174, Brooklyn, N. Y.

20 cents for 16 photos of beautiful actresses, cabinet size GLOBE PORTRAIT CO., Box 337, Newark, N. J.

The Best Photos Out. Full view. Simply immense; 16 for 25c. UNION NOVELTY CO. Brooklyn, N. Y.

RICH Photos for gents only. Sure to suit; 40 for 10c. 120 for 25c. cat. 2c. G. Agency, Orleans, Ind.

Photos for Gents only: 20 for 10c.; 60 for 25c., with large catalogue. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

PHOTOS (Cabinet) of 100 "Rip-Stage Beauties," 25 cents. G. M. HANSON, Chicago, Ill.

Full View! Gay Subjects. Not in Tights, 10c.; silver; 3, 25c., sealed. DRAWER 139, Foxboro, Mass.

IN THE ACT at different ages. A set of 3 rare photos, 25c. Box 544, Carrollton, Mo.

French Photos, full size; no tights. Send 10c. silver, for sample. GEM CARD CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

18 Spiky Photos from nature, 12 Rich Songs, 10c.; silver. Box 435, Foxboro, Mass.

Gents, we have the rarest photos published. 4 for 50c., 12 for \$1. NOVELTY CO., Penbrook, Neb.

Photos for Gents only (in the a. d. 2 for 10c.; 12, 50c.; 36, \$1. Sent sealed. Box 73, Northford, Conn.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## KANSAS DETECTIVE BUREAU,

Wichita, Kansas.

Incorporated. Want members everywhere. Particulars 11 cents, stamps.

## "SILENT

Helper" tells about certain goods, shows men can be made without risk.

("Nuff Sed") 2 samples and "Helper" sent sealed, \$1; large package assorted, \$5. Address, HOWARD & CO., Box 477, West Troy, N. Y.

Wines and Liquors of all kinds made at trifling cost. Book, 50c. Bartenders' Guides, 50 and 75c. Art of Boozing, 25c. GENERAL SUPPLY AGENT, 33 South William St., N. Y.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills, \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

MEN.—Send your address to PERU CHEM. CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

## SPORTING GOODS.

## FREE

IF YOU WANT TO WIN AT CARDS, dice, etc., etc., send for our circulars and price lists, FREE.

J. E. LEWIS, JR., 107 4th Avenue, New York.

## CRAB IT QUICK!!!

For 75 cents we will send, postpaid, a Gentleman's Poker Layout, 200 poker chips, 3 colors, and 2 packs of gilt-edged playing cards. Bankrupt stock.

THE HOYLE SUPPLY CO., 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

For Portraits of all the Champions ask your newsdealer for "THE SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION" for 1887. Price 25 cents. The only authentic record of all sporting events in America.

Sexual Power recovered permanently; use our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, post paid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition), either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lectures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age, as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to attend sent free, by mail, to any address on receipt of 25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

ASK your newsdealer for Richard K. Fox's SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION for 1887—the most reliable and authentic record of sporting events in the world. No sporting man should be without it. Price, 25 cents.

Emissions and Waste stopped by using our Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5, post paid. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

## PERSONAL.

IF you want the rules of any sport buy the SPORTING MAN'S COMPANION for 1887. Price, 25 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

MARRIED LADIES. Send self-addressed stamped envelope. MRS. M. BROWNLEE, Nashua, Pa.

## PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS and COPAIBA Is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation), make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

## A POSITIVE

case in four days or less. Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood that are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price \$1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular. P. O. Box 1533.

J. C. ALLAN CO., CURE. 83 John St., New York.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

## BROU'S INJECTION.

Hygienic, Infallible and Preservative.

Cures promptly, without additional treatment, all recent or chronic discharges of the Urinary organs. J. Ferre, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris. Sold by druggists throughout the United States.

Kidney and all Urinary Troubles quickly and safely cured by Docuta Sandalwood, in seven days; avoid imitations; buy Docuta, it is genuine. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All druggists.

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